Fit "TripleX" -and be safe B·S·A do

THE SPHERE, JULY 4, 1936
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1902 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 4 1936

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES **DE RESZKE** *of course!*

DEAF! *Back to HEARING— the Modern Way!*

"MADE-TO-MEASURE" instead of "READY MADE."

NOW the AURAMETER (GRAPH), measuring your Hearing by this latest scientific method—showing what your ears are capable of—lacking and needing, deciding whether "BONADENTE" Bone Conduction, "PHANTOMETTE" Air Conduction or "VIBRADENTE" Massage Treatment is necessary, the "made-to-measure" method against the old "ready-made" ideas—one type to suit all. After all, how could you ever hope to get satisfactory results from mass production methods—when even your two ears differ. What useful purpose can there be in sending "on approval" coupons and hoping one day something will fit—meantime losing your deposit on those which don't? Benefit by our wide experience of thousands of cases in all classes. A Boon at Home, Church, Talkies, Radio, etc. NO CONSULTATION FEE, or, if unable to call, write or 'phone the Service Secretary for details and "Medical Reports." FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.

(Suite 24), 309, OXFORD ST, LONDON, W.1

(*Coloured building and square clock.*) *Mayfair* 1380/1718

Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Leicester, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.

R. H. Dent, Ltd.

MR R.H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

By Appointment.

Use daily **JEYES' FLUID** THE BEST DISINFECTANT

By Appointment.

founded in Amsterdam 1575

APRICOT BOLS BRANDY

A fine after lunch liqueur

with an exquisite flavour— distilled from the original 361 years old recipe by Erven Lucas Bols— T. Lootsje, Amsterdam.

ST MORITZ

St. Moritz

Engadine, Switzerland (6,000 ft. altitude).

Golf Championships
(18 and 9 holes Links).
4 International Lawn Tennis Matches.
TROUT FISHING.
RIDING—SWIMMING—MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.
All Roads Open to Motor Cars.

The Big Five:
THE KULM HOTEL
THE GRAND HOTEL
THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.

N·S·P·C·C

Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have in 92 years prepared over 33,000 children for a useful life.

1,100 poor boys and girls are now being trained to be useful citizens.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

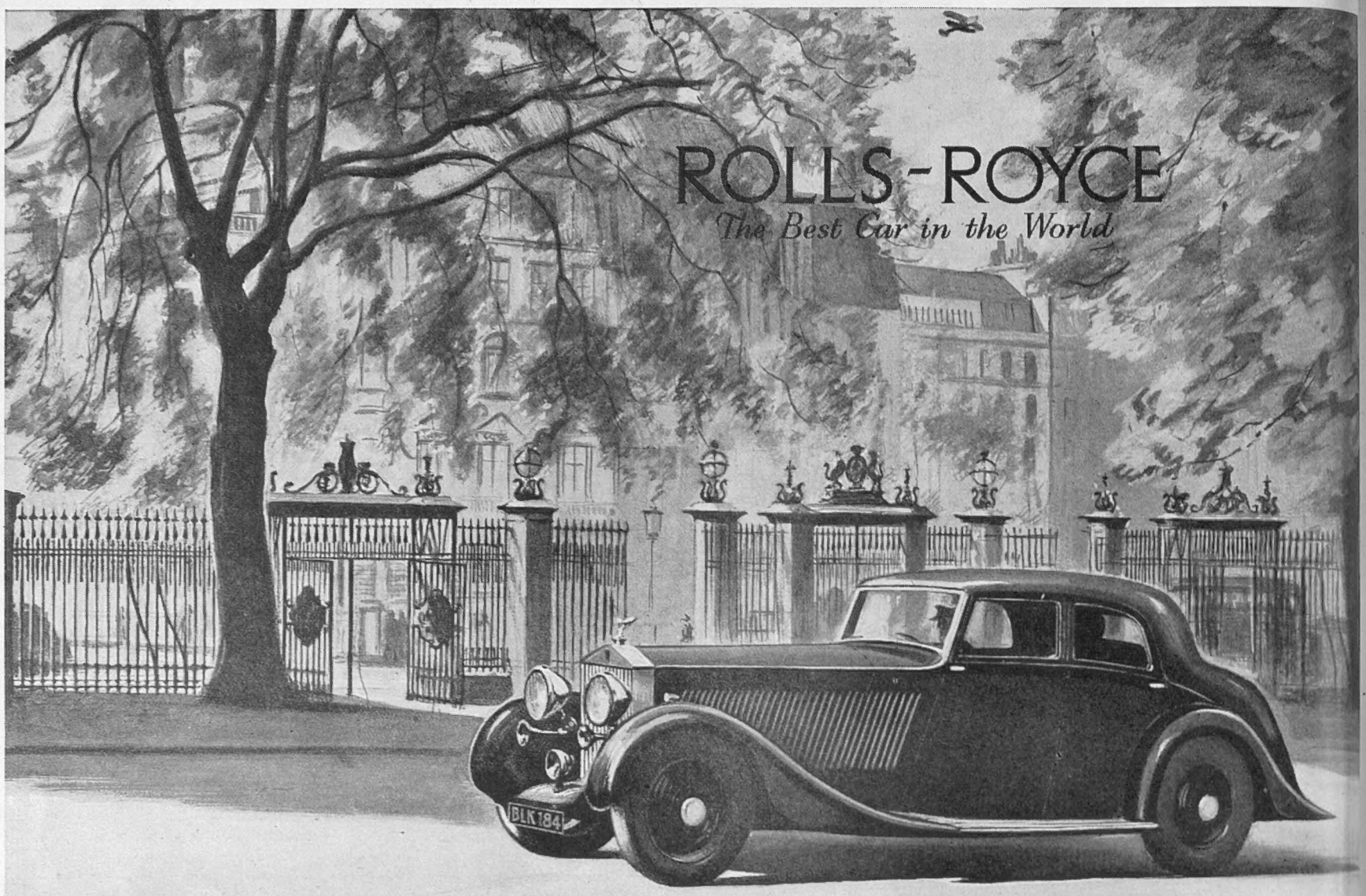
SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

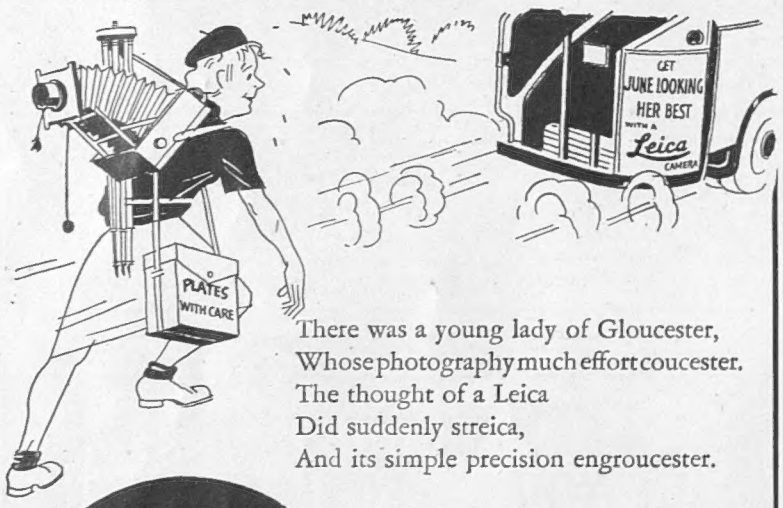
THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

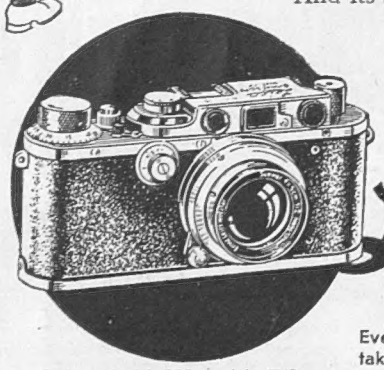


ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose photography much effort coucester.
The thought of a Leica
Did suddenly streica,
And its simple precision engroucester.



THE *Leica* CAMERA

Leica Model IIIa with F/2 Summar Lens - £43 . 0 . 0
Other Leica models from £26 . 10 . 0

3½" × 2½" "Automax" prints from Leica negatives, 2/- per dozen.

Every Leica shot is successful. You can take distant shots of animals or birds, close-ups, portraits, speed subjects, or snapshots at night. The Leica measures only 5¼ inches yet will take up to 36 pictures with one loading. Double or blank exposures impossible. Five minutes to learn—call and let us demonstrate. Generous allowances on your present apparatus. Literature free on request. *Mayfair 0924-5-6-7*

WALLACE HEATON LTD.

The Leica Specialists

119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Free lists of all our FREE Leica Services

Barr & Stroud

BINOCULARS

NINETEEN MODELS AVAILABLE

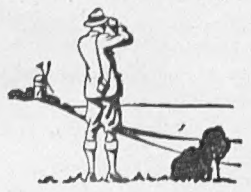
OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING RETAILERS

The care with which the optical systems are computed and the rigid inspection and tests at every stage of manufacture ensure that Barr & Stroud Binoculars are unsurpassed.

Type CF 30 has enormous light-gathering power, and also gives the highest percentage of light transmission that has ever been attained in binocular design. The brilliant field of view, high light intensity, and sharp definition enable objects to be seen in clear detail even under conditions of poor visibility.

Six models are made to this design, including two with a magnification of 10.

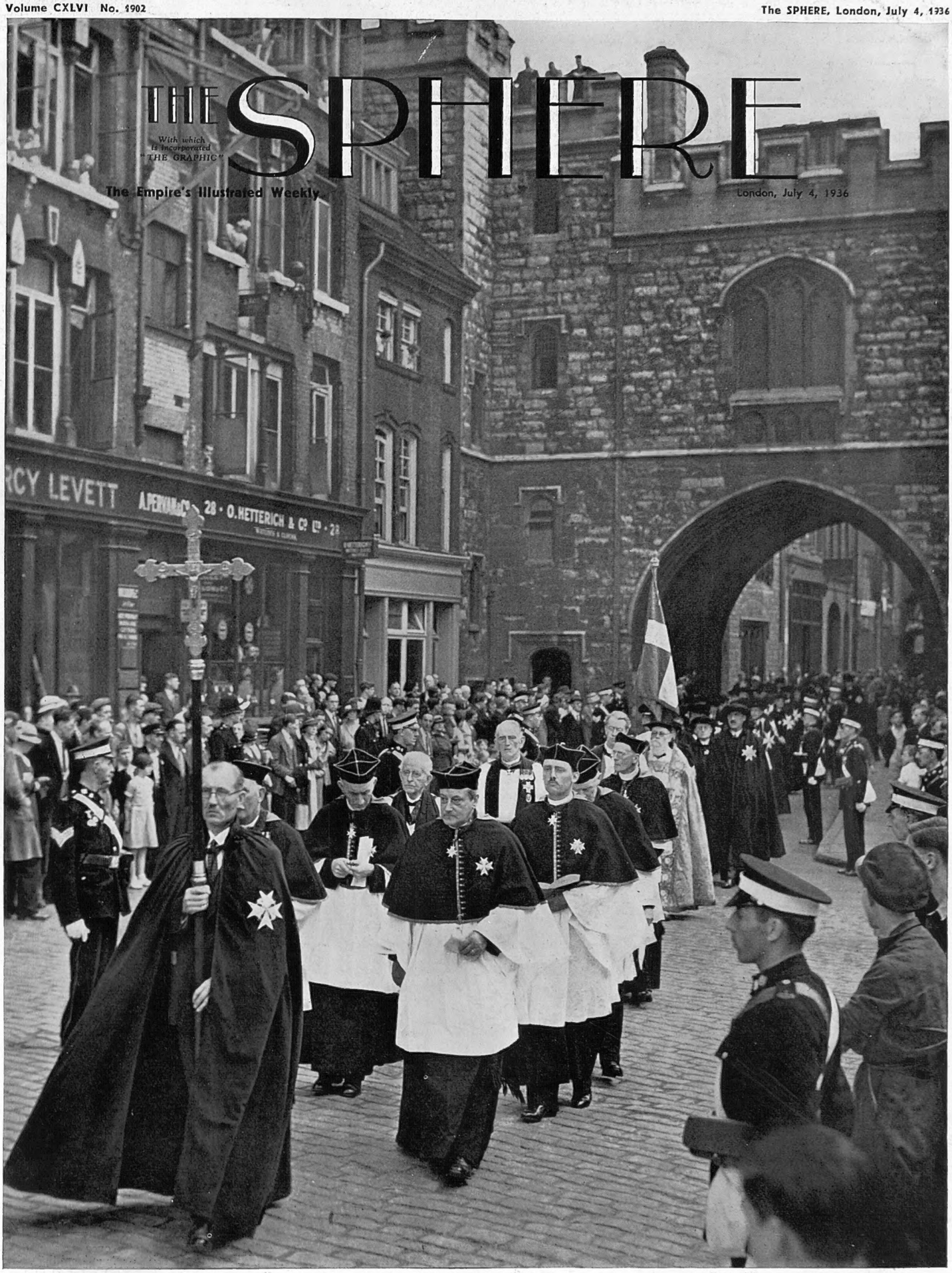
Type CF 30. 7×50 Binocular ADOPTED FOR GENERAL USE IN THE BRITISH NAVY.



List S. and booklet "CHOOSING A BINOCULAR" post free on request.

BARR & STROUD LTD., Anniesland, Glasgow, and 15, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly.
London, July 4, 1936



Twentieth-Century Crusaders

The Procession of the Chapter-General at the Annual Festival of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem

The Grand Priory in the British Realm of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, the order of chivalry which centuries ago came into being to defend Christendom against the infidel and which now, in its revised form, works so unceasingly on behalf of the sick, held its annual festival last week on St. John's Day, with the Duke of Connaught presiding in his capacity as Grand Prior. Before the General Assembly, at which the year's work was reviewed, an anniversary service was conducted by the Rev. L. J. Percival in the Grand Priory Church, Clerkenwell, and in this picture the members of the Chapter General are seen processing to the Church from the Chancery, headed by the Cross Bearer, the Chaplains, the sub-prelates (the Bishop of Gibraltar and Bishop Palmer) and the Standard of the Order, carried by an officer of the Ambulance Brigade. Spanning the roadway in the background is St. John's Gate which was erected in 1504 by Prior Thomas Docwra and which, among other things, now serves as a museum of relics from Rhodes and Malta

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING WITH THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD: His Majesty, wearing the full dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Welsh Guards, inspecting the famous corps which was drawn up in a double line on Buckingham Palace lawn—a ceremony held in the presence of Queen Mary and watched by members of the Indian cricket team. Since the inspection the King has given orders that the Yeomen, who have hitherto worn beards, may shave if they wish—a decision that has been welcomed by them

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, July 1, 1936.

SANCTIONS BURIED.—Friends, Romans, Countrymen lent their ears and by a large majority gave their approval when Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon came to bury sanctions not to praise them, last week. The debate indeed produced more laughter and less bitterness than the previous debate, though very shrewd blows were struck, especially with the forensic weapons of Sir John, who unhorsed St. George prettily enough. Even the ranks of Tuscany remembered belatedly a mislaid sense of humour and proportion and could hardly forbear to cheer at the Home Secretary's declaration that the wrongs of Abyssinia were not worth the bones of a British matelot. The Opposition had no answer to it because all parties and every party are hoist on the same horns of dilemma—the "guilty knowledge" that no Democracy will go to the slaughter save in defence of its own homes threatened by aggression and arms, and that no Government dares to ask it to do so. Therefore, as the futility and hypocrisy of the past months of international politics were unfolded and underlined once more, the feigned indignation over the dishonour of the British Government was tempered with more genuine cynicism for the state of civilisation—and in consequence the debate proceeded with suaver manners. If the rival chiefs cannot bury their hatchets, they should hide them for shame of their bluntness, beneath their cloaks. You cannot long, or seriously, or convincingly thunder against the vacillation of the Government in power, if you have not and have never had a constructive policy yourself. You cannot justly cry "forward!" from the rear, if you have cut a sorry enough figure in the front rank in your turn. The shame of the British Government is the responsibility of every British politician, in as far as it is not solely the shame of civilisation—and that is an epitaph for sanctions as reasonably just and apt as an epitaph ever is.

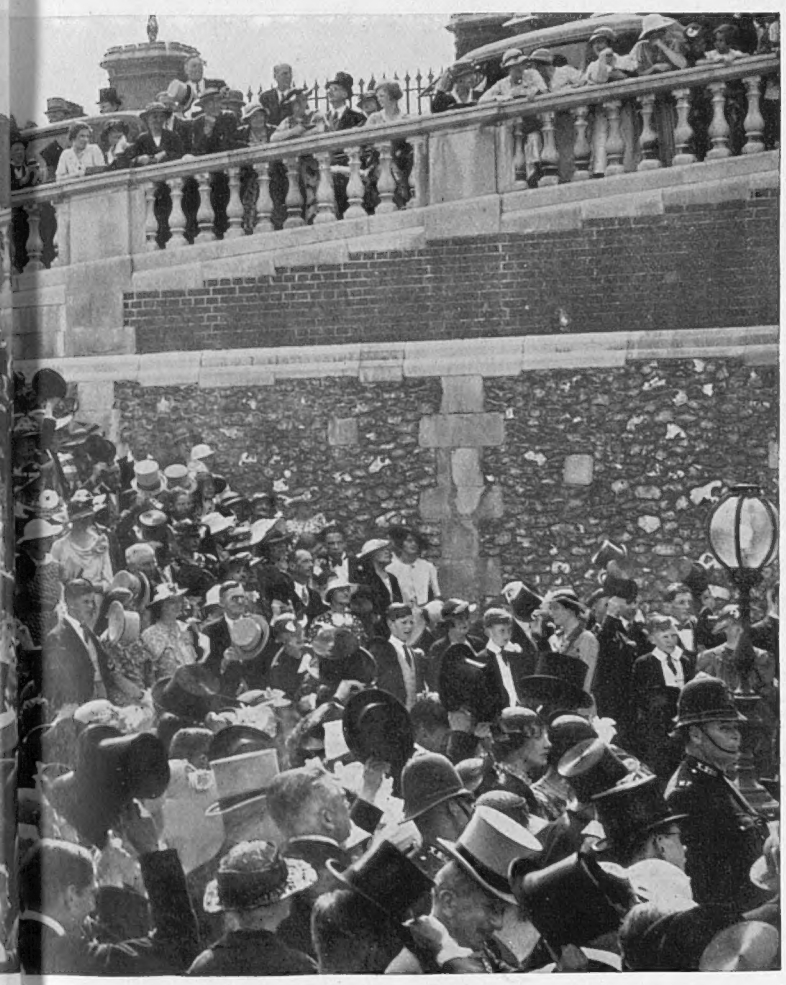
LIBERAL STIRRINGS. The Liberals are positively stirring in their sleep, according to plan. The opposition Liberals have met in convention, following the meeting of the Simonites. Sir John Simon made play with the obvious Liberal selling-point. He was able to point to nations of Europe in the grip of disrupted and unprepared Socialist Government, with the dangerous results of hasty Socialist programmes of reforms rushed through at the pistol point, or, worse, of countries in the throes of unchecked and unstemmable Communist revolt, reckless striking, sabotage, and general lawlessness. He gravely stressed the vital importance at this hour of a second organised and united political party which might, when the need for National Government is no longer admitted, or for other reasons its break-up comes, challenge the Conservative Party or keep out the Socialists when reaction against Conservatism comes. The opposition Liberals had the same and other points to stress. They could not, of course, put the accent on unanimity within the party. The National Liberals doubtless chose the nobler course in supporting National Government in the hour of crisis at the risk of quenching the little spark of life that remained to Liberalism as a serious political party; but this very fact supplied Lord Crewe with a handle for screwing them for their guilty share in the vacillations of the Government over the Abyssinian question which have so weakened British prestige in European Councils. It was inevitable that these opposition Liberals, at their convention, would touch on the question of a "popular front"—an understanding whereby Liberals, Socialists, and Communists would not oppose each other at elections, nor split such forces as might oppose Conservatives. But the organisation of an effective popular front is too ticklish and needs too much careful preparation and agreement to play any important part in such early discussions within the party at present. The Liberal Party can only "come back" in our time on the wings of proportional representation, always provided it can clear-cut and agree a policy which proves it to differ in essentials from the Conservative. At the present moment, it can only be said that the old party is stirring in her sleep, and moving her limbs to discover what relation one limb bears to another or to the trunk, and to what extent each or any is actuated by the nerve centre. There are ardent Liberals all over Britain burning to receive and carry on the fiery cross when it is sent out and, more, there is no party in this country that has a finer reserve of experienced statesmen and effective speakers—if only it could find a policy and join in common cause under a standard set up once more with a clear device. And there is no party which possesses finer traditions or a better record of political achievement. Pity that these war-scarred warriors should sulk in their tents or quarrel over formulae.

MR. LASCELLES' "CHARLES JAMES FOX."—How few of the people who write books to-day have any right to do so. Most modern biographies and histories are written, like journalism, in a tearing hurry to catch the popular taste of an hour. History and biography to live and to be worth while, should be written slowly and after exhaustive preparation. Mr. Lascelles has the right to write biography. His *Fox* was a labour of years; he was quite unperturbed by the appearance of other books on Fox; he went serenely on, insinuating himself into Fox's skin, soaking himself in his period, and (having passed this youth in surroundings very familiar to Fox and among relics of Fox) he qualified at last to write a very authoritative, very sound, revealing biography of that curiosity of politics whose failure enhanced his greatness, whose frailties only stressed his influence, and whose vices never dulled his personal charm. Mr. Lascelles has written his biography with fine restraint, admirable humour, balance, and impartiality, while his years of spade work and reflection have given to his style of writing a lucidity and ease which make his book that rare thing, a work of art and authority. About 30,000 new books are published every year. Of these I should say fifty—one a week perhaps—are worth recording as items in the week's news. *Charles James Fox* is such a book.

THE FOUNDER OF LIBERALISM.—Few public men in our history ever exerted during their lives so profound an influence and left so widespread a regret at their death. It has always been difficult for posterity to learn why it was so. George III governments remain inexplicable irrational reshufflings like the modern French Cabinets. Fox has been a puzzle of politics, because so few writers who have dealt with him have troubled to get into the spirit of his age, the spirit of the French Revolution, with its reactions on Europe which led in our country to the triumph (in spite of themselves) of the Whigs in 1832, and to our abiding veneration for liberty whose name so many crimes have be-

committed). Mr. Lascelles makes it clearer why, at the death of this reformed rake, a prematurely aged, political failure who, a feckless gambler, had borrowed all his life from grooms and waiters, and emptied the pockets of his friends, civilisation quailed at its loss, and even the Prince of Wales was moved to ask: "Where am I to look for such another friend, what age, what country, is to give to the world his equal?" Mr. Lascelles, perhaps, had a better chance than earlier biographers to solve the enigma. To-day we have eyes to see the importance of generosity in international relations and of independence, courage, and vision in politics. To-day, when the Liberal party is stirring from its coma, it might do worse than take this book for its bible and examine its pages for the elusive spark the party needs. Fox's generosity, his championship of the oppressed, his concern for the peoples rather than for the dictators of the peoples, his largeness, his passion for liberty, assuredly were not political stage-properties. They sprang from his heart and his mind, both of them sound and clear wells. His instinct, his judgment, his justice, were rarely at fault save in the enough, Fox's last moments and dying words. He devotes two lines, and they are moving and dignified, to Fox's deathbed. Certainly there is no "journalism" here. He has struck a blow for contemporary literature.

MINISTER TO PERSIA.—Mr. Horace Seymour, who has been appointed Minister to Persia, in succession to Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen (translated to China as Ambassador) has had a sound experience of diplomacy at home and abroad. His apprenticeship abroad he served at Washington during the war, at the Hague under Sir Charles Marling, and in Rome. From 1932 until recently he acted as private secretary to the Secretary of State during a period of unparalleled diplomatic activity while history was being written continuously in shorthand. Teheran is increasingly regarded as a trial-stone and a stepping-stone to higher things and Mr. Seymour has all the qualities required in feverish or lively situations. He would be selected without question to represent the type and quintessence of the British diplomat of drama and fiction. His calm is absolute, he is incapable of showing,



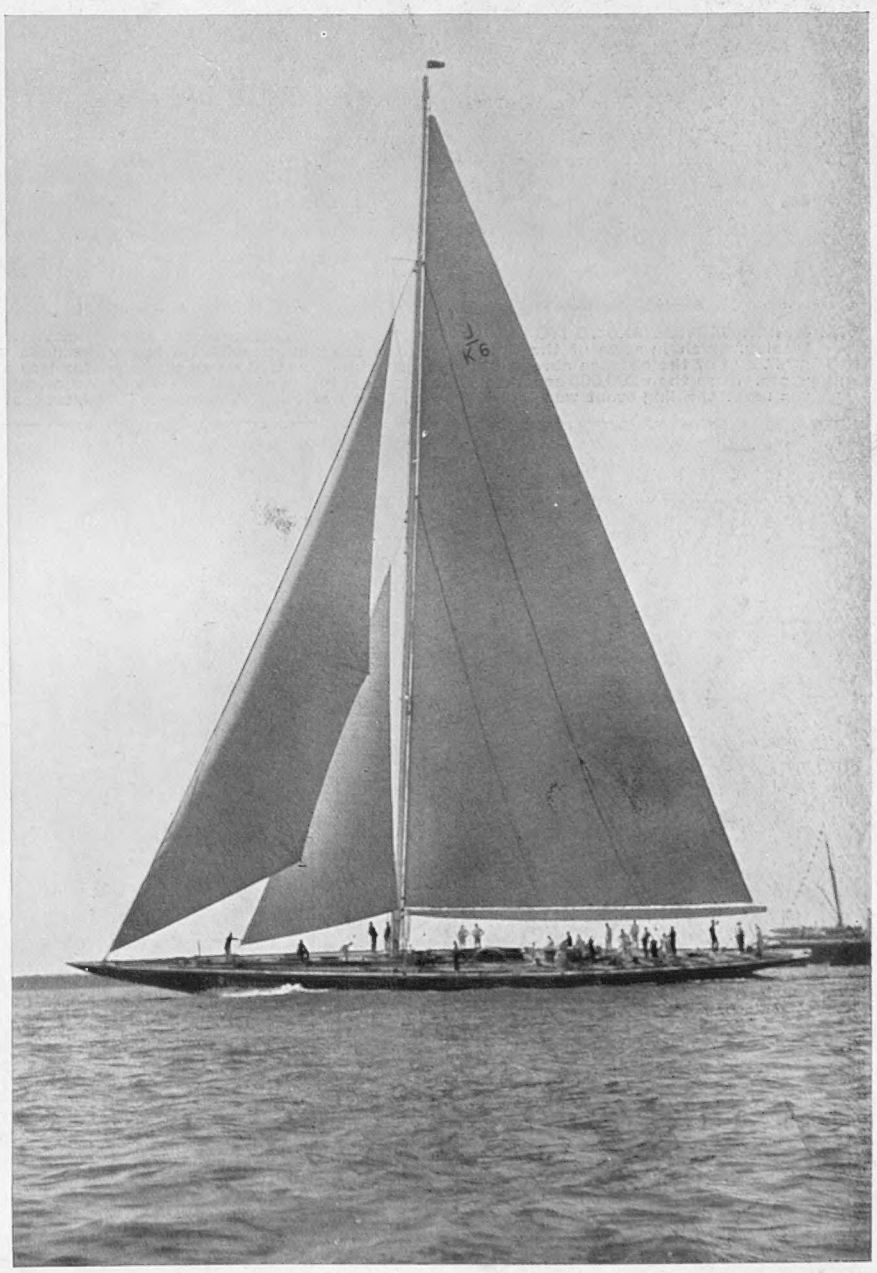
RED LETTER DAY ON "THE HILL": Boys, parents, and guests standing on the war memorial steps to cheer distinguished Old Harrovians as their names were announced on emerging from Speech Room. One of many features of Harrow Speech Day held last week in perfect weather

conduct of his own affairs, though he was obviously more sincere in his considered judgment in his policy regarding France than in that regarding America. Fox is indeed even to-day the unrecognized inspiration of Liberalism as he was the inspiration of the Whigs who passed reform. The man who declared that national liberty is the only security for enjoying peace and quiet, should be living to-day. His years should be as long as his sight. Pitt, his great antagonist, was a magnificent machine. Fox was a born leader of men. Their rivalry made Fox's name. Mr. Lascelles does indeed help, if not compel, us to see Fox for what he was. And he does so with a vigour, an economy of words, a restraint and humour which are all admirable. Each sentence is a key-stone in the building up of a close-knit fabric, planned by an architect of merit. There is hardly an irrelevant word in 330 pages, there is never a side-issue brought in for effect. Let me end with two instances of that commendable restraint. Mr. Lascelles was brought up in a country house where Fox passed many happy days of his life, a house full of Fox relics. It is not mentioned in the index. He had the choice of thousands of printed words describing, touchingly and probably of feeling, the least trace of anxiety and in appearance, manner and speech he is the very moral of what a Minister or Ambassador from Britain must traditionally be. Mr. Seymour is little over fifty.

BEFORE 'TWAS WELL BEGUN.—The birds have stopped singing; the vivid green is long gone from the trees—indeed, here and there "autumn leaves" are falling; the summer sales are on; Lord's week, still the herald of the Season's close, is on us; men are asking about the grouse prospects, and even feeling that peculiarly fierce longing for the heather hills and wild spaces—and all before summer has well begun. We have had a spell of the real thing, punctuated all too freely by thunderstorms, and that is about the sum total. The sweets of the year are consumed too fast, though we have had some items of brilliance. Ascot was brilliant, though ungraced by Royalty, and no season in years has given us more glorious racing and most superb polo. But we regret the swift passage of the weeks none the less, and the more so because our minds are curiously muddled about what summer is and when it begins. We are apt to expect azalea-time to be summer-time. In sober truth, it begins about midsummer-day. It is a truth which those who cater for outdoor delights never have learned and never will learn. It should be burned on the hearts of those who deal in boats, and "Lidos," and ice-creams and those who nobly supply open-air drama. And another muddle: We are too apt (relic of the age of Privilege) to confuse summer with the London season. The latter supplies most of its plums in Spring. For the millions summer only begins when the "season" is officially over. The last half of July, August and half September are the summer of democracy. Meanwhile the invaders have crowded in to fight the championships—world championships—of lawn tennis and of golf—titanic struggles on green turf. They come from America, which had earlier lowered British colours twice on a summer's day, from the Empire, from France and Germany and Italy and Spain and the Balkans; and come friendly, keen, lighthearted and hopeful to Wimbledon and Hoylake where the dictators are genial sportsmen whose aim is a fair field for all nations, and politics ruled out. A high holiday for all concerned.

OUR SPORTING CARNIVAL.—Year after year it is the same thing. Britain's great sporting carnival grows in interest, and only the B.B.C. fails to recognise that for one brief interval in the year Britain wants to forget politics and hear about sport. Even "National" listeners, who are assumed to be all "grave signiors," prefer Wimbledon then to world politics, Henley and Hoylake to the House of Commons, and Lord's, N.W., to Lords', S.W. The great championships were triumphs for favourites on the whole. Padgham was expected to win and did indeed win by the large and narrow margin of a single putt that gruelling "Open." But that putt meant all the world of difference between a winning temperament (with the luck of the draw) and a temperament not utterly proof against nerves. At Wimbledon the last eight in the men's event were actually those "seeded to survive"—a remarkable feat of selection on merit. Luck of the draw at Henley in the Ladies' Plate did a little to mitigate the inflexibility of the Stewards. As for Lords, it is giving its usual jolts to established reputations.

JULY GARDENS.—Those who missed seeing Stedham Hall, Midhurst, in the spring have another chance on Saturday, July 4, when roses and herbaceous plants will be at their best. In July also the great West Sussex "stately homes" open to the public: Arundel on Wednesday, the 8th, when the keep and the Fitzalan Chapel will also be open; Petworth on the 18th and 19th: and Goodwood on the 19th, when the house (with its pictures) will also be shown. It is the extent of these three great estates and the endurance of their owners which have preserved to West Sussex so much of its ancient peace and privilege, and each of these great palaces is an experience worth enjoying. Adsdean, Chichester, which opens on Wednesday, the 22nd, is the home of Lady Louis Mountbatten, and its association with Royal visits is a certain draw. Parham, a wonderful old house, near Pulborough, was one of the three great estates in Sussex acquired by the 1st Lord Cowdray, and belongs to his younger son. It also opens on July 22. THE OLD STAGER

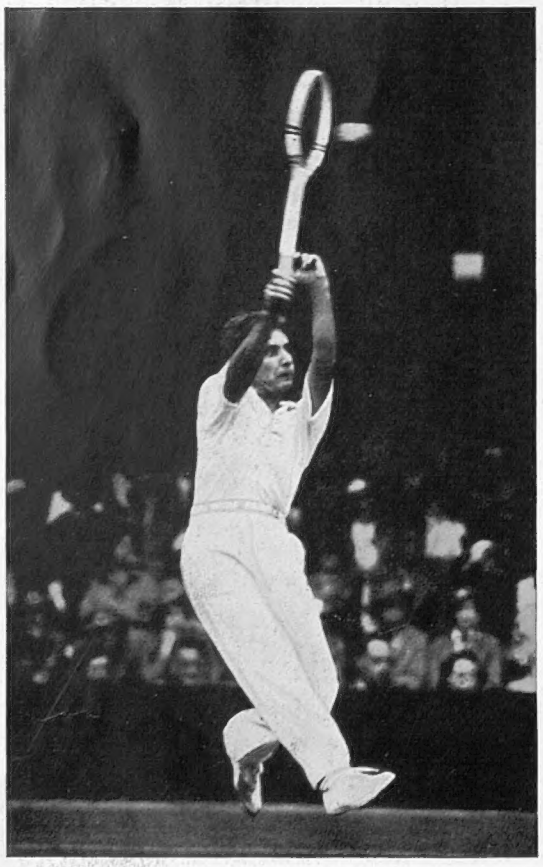


"ENDEAVOUR II" MAKES HER BOW: Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new "J" class cutter, designed by Mr. C. Nicholson and now tuning up in English waters with a view to challenging for the America's Cup in 1937, pictured in action off Cowes. The yacht has already shown her paces, giving an impressive performance at Fowey a few days ago when winning easily from *Astra*, and also gaining first prize at Falmouth. *Endeavour II* has many original features which were described in an article in last week's issue of "The Sphere"

PASSING PAGEAN

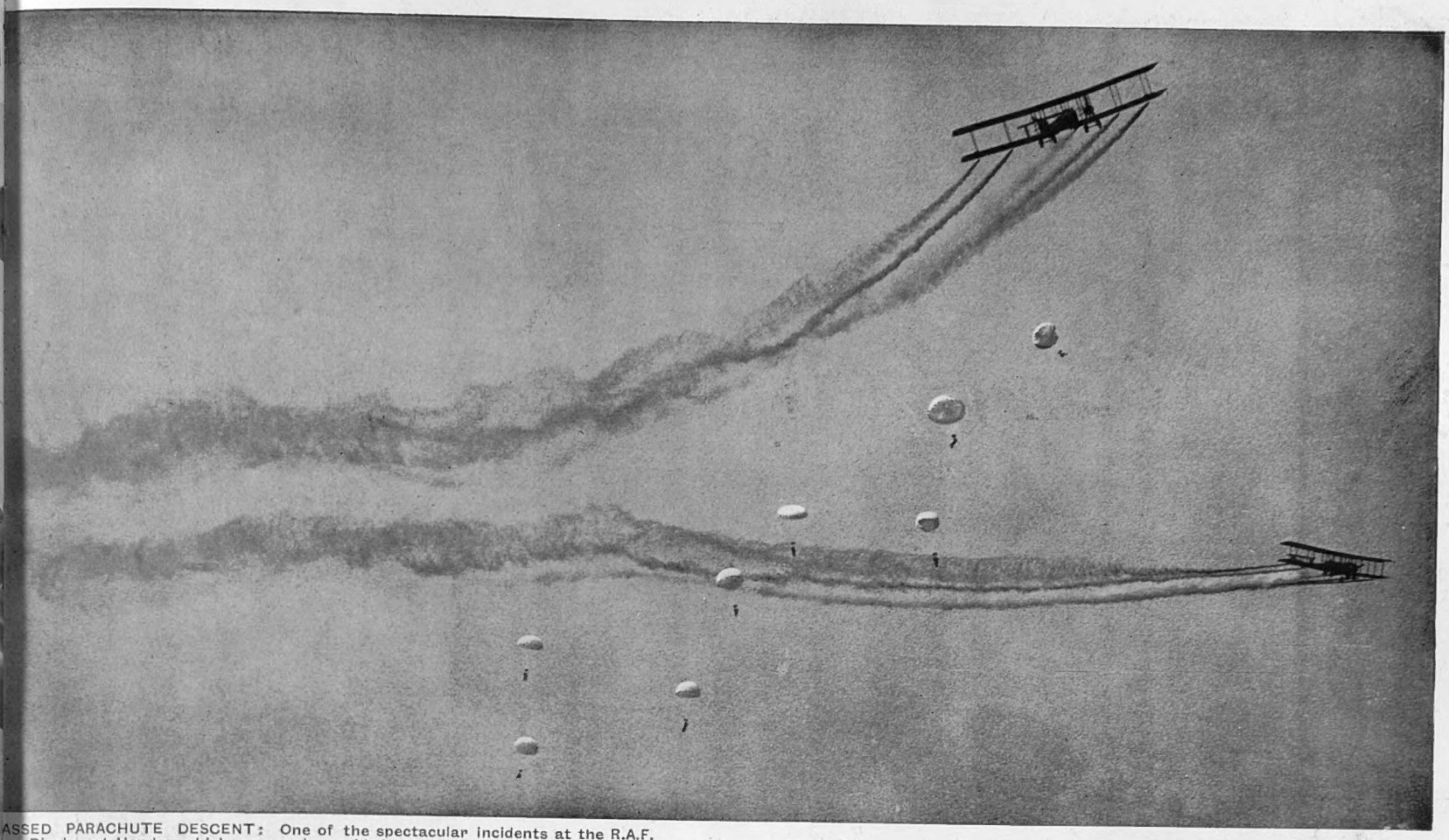
THE JUNIOR SERVICE SHOWS ITS PACES: Planes creating a smoke screen at last week's Hendon Air Display, which in spite of the R.A.F. expansion programme, with its heavy demands upon the staff, and of the absence abroad of important units, was well up to the high standard of former years. More than 200,000 spectators were present inside and outside the enclosure, and perhaps the most thrilling event was the 400 m.p.h. diving of Flight Lieutenant Broadhurst, of Duxford

PUBLICISING BRITISH 'PLANES: Latvian officers inspecting a Swor torpedo carrier at last Monday's trade display held at Hatfield Aerodr by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors which showed its guests, 1,000 of whom were representatives of foreign countries latest types of machines and accessories produced by English



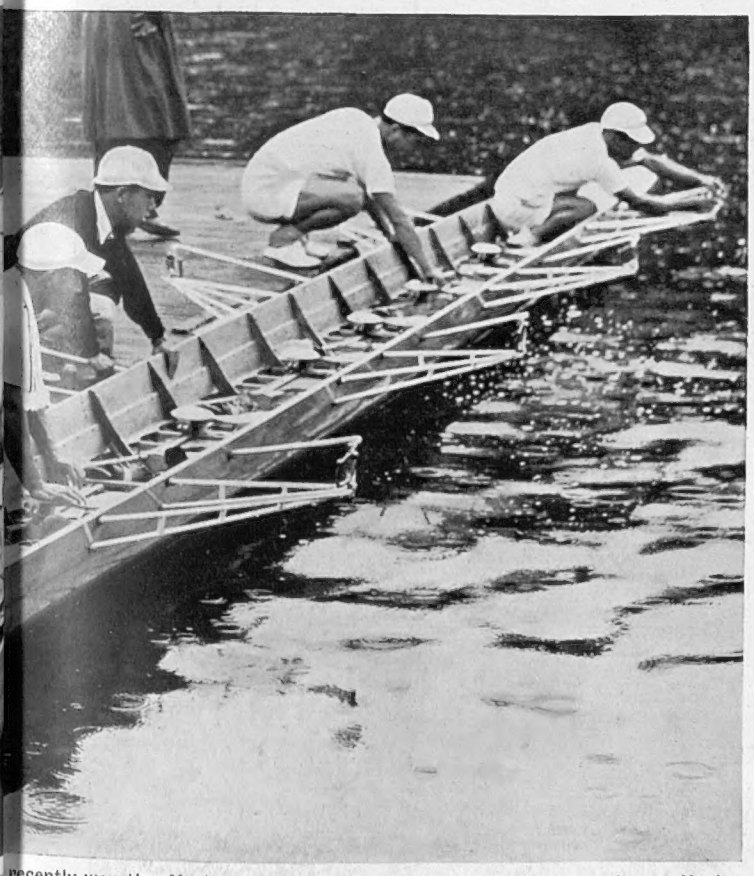
INDIVIDUALISTS OF THE COURTS: *Left*—B. M. Grant, nicknamed the Atalanta Atom, and one of the American seeded entrants, in action against Perry, who defeated him in straight sets in the fifth round at Wimbledon this week. Grant is a spectacular, happy-go-lucky player, and some of his retrieving shots border on the miraculous. *Right*—Señorita Lizana, throws her racket in the air in disgust at one of her own strokes. She was narrowly beaten by Miss Jacobs in the round of the last eight

THE CENTRE OF INTEREST: Members of the crew from Tokyo Uni this week, and are shortly to appear at the Olympic Games, been circulated regarding the amazing speed and the fast s one to the minute as compared with the forty of an average which is much shorter and much lighter than normal racing

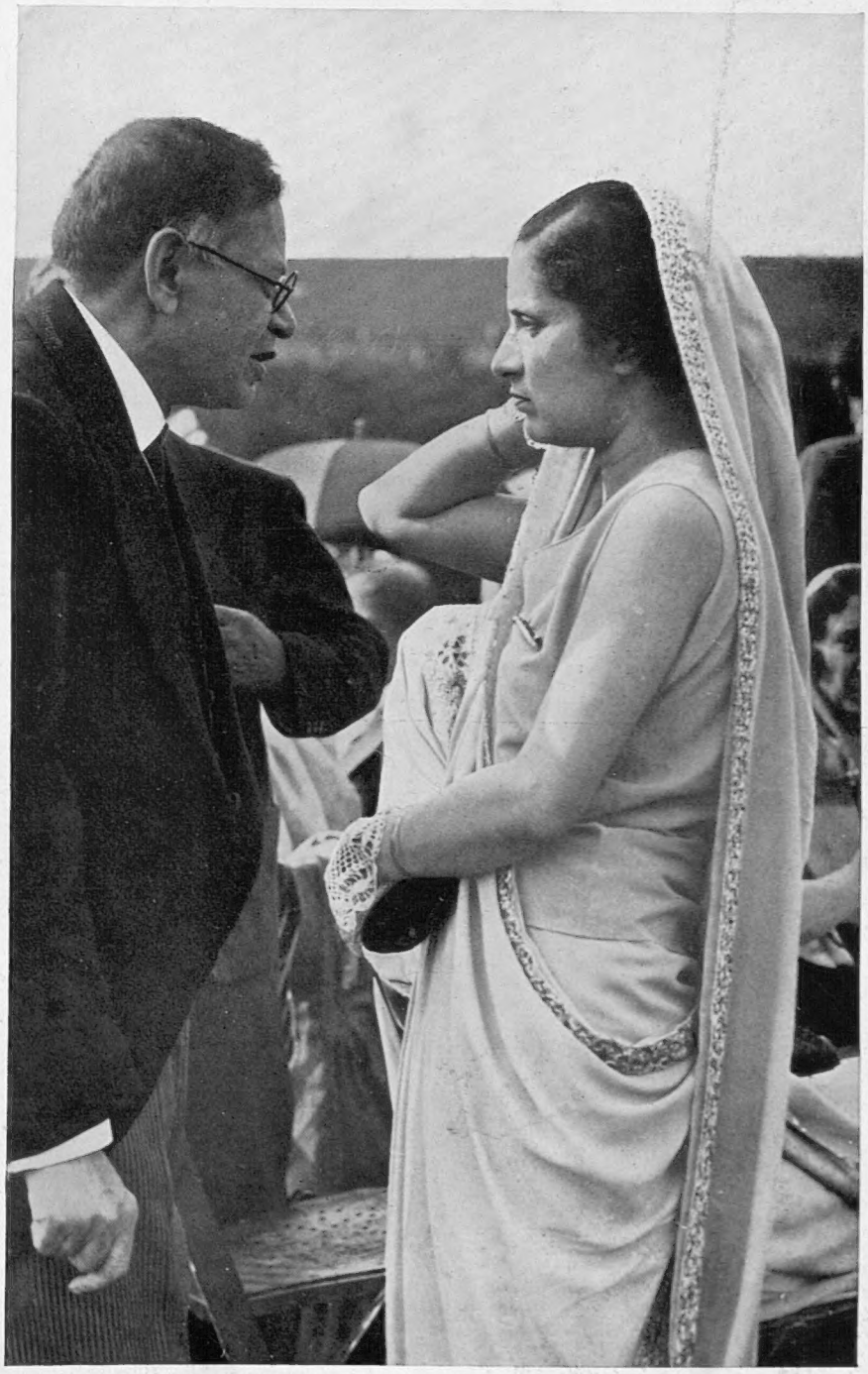


ASSED PARACHUTE DESCENT: One of the spectacular incidents at the R.A.F. Display at Hendon which, as usual, provided spectators with a succession of thrills. It was enacted against the background of a cloudless sky

On left — HE ALSO SERVES: Mr. K. Ikeda preparing dishes for the Japanese rowing eight for whom he acts as chef. The staple diet of the crew is rice, which is believed to provide an admirable basis for men in hard training. Chicken and bamboo shoots are other favourite items on the menu

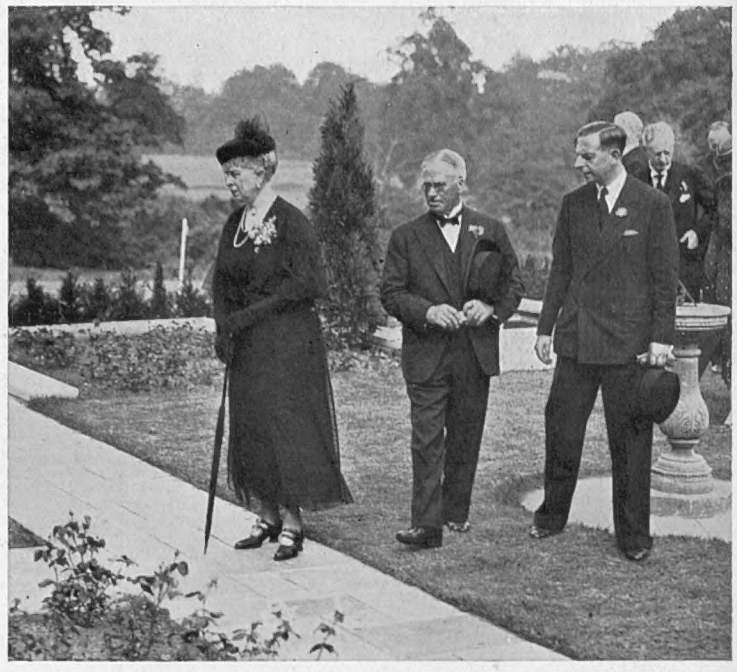


recently won the Marlow Grand Challenge Cup, who were competing at Henley
boat into the water preparatory to a practise row. All sorts of stories have
is diminutive eight, and the trainer admits that on one occasion they did seventy-
One secret of their success may possibly be their boat of golden cypress wood,
s the result of some years of intensive research on the part of the builders

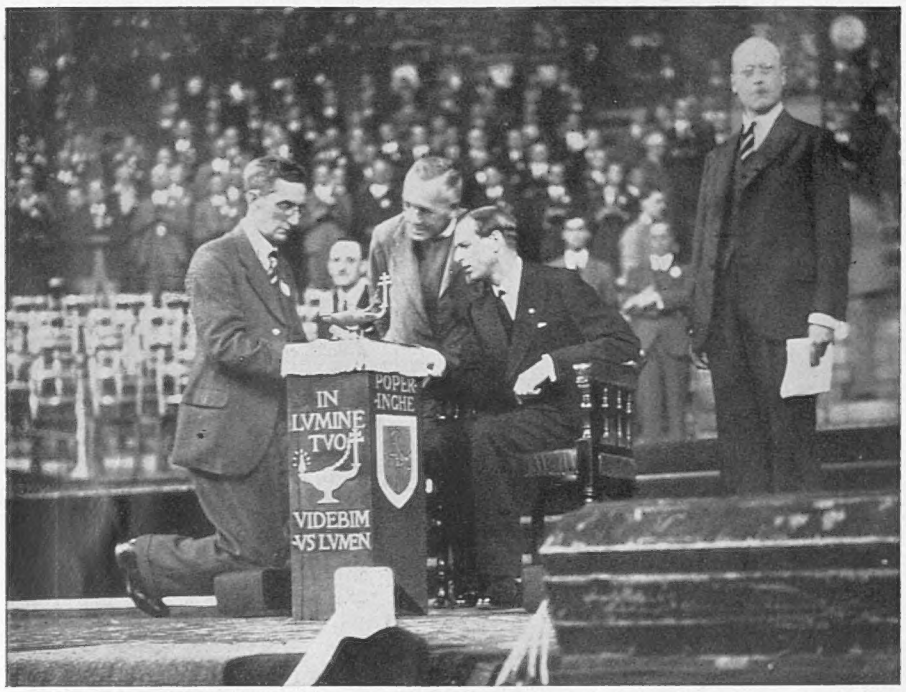


INDIA IN ENGLAND: Lady Ginwala, wife of Sir Padamji Ginwala, a delegate to the Round Table Conference in 1931, in conversation with Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra at the farewell party given in the latter's honour at the Indian Gymkhana Club, Osterley, on his retirement from the post of High Commissioner for India, which he has held since 1931. Sir Bhupendra was a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council between 1924 and 1930

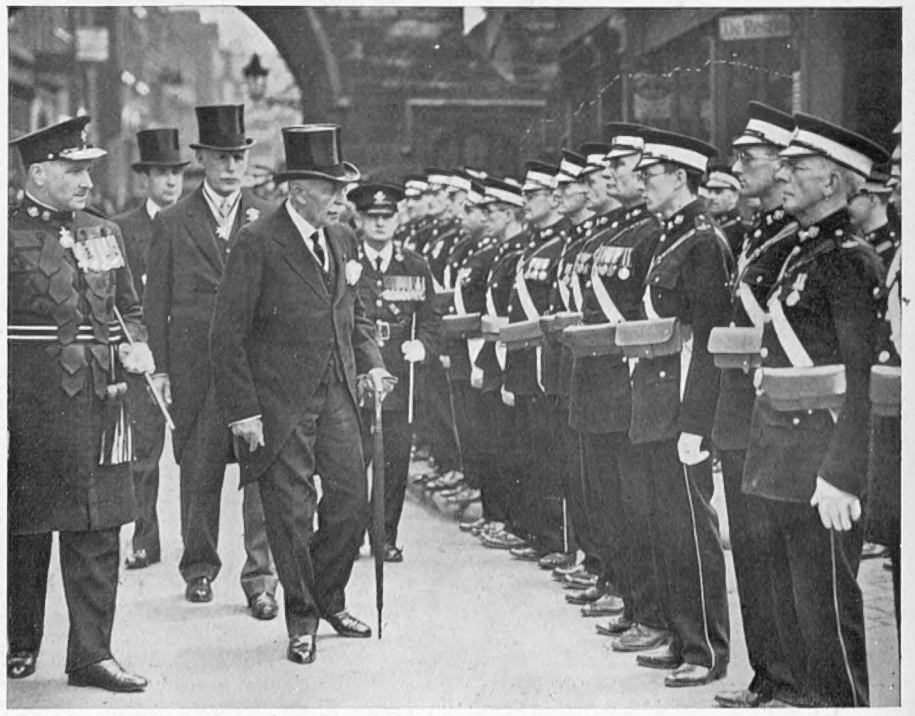
ROYAL OCCASIONS



QUEEN MARY'S BUSY WEEK: *Left*—Her Majesty, who is now appearing in public to a greater extent, seen with Lady Hart Dyke when she went a few days ago to Lullingstone Park, near Eynsford, Kent, to see the latter's silkworm farm which, started as an experiment in 1932, is now established on a commercial basis and is expected this year to produce from cocoons some 1,500 lb. of fine silk. The inspection was of a private character, but the people of the district gathered in the grounds to give the Royal visitor a welcome. *On right*—The Queen, followed by Sir Duncan Watson, chairman of the committee, pictured during her visit to the King's House at Burhill, Surrey, which is now nearing completion. The place has been paid for by members of the Royal Warrant-holders' Association (all of whom are tradesmen to the Court) who planned it as a Silver Jubilee Gift for King George, leaving to his decision the choice of a tenant for the place



COMING OF AGE: *Left*—The Duke of Kent lighting Toc H lamps of maintenance for new branches at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and the Duchess of York (*on right*) performing the same ceremony for the Toc H League of Women Helpers—two aspects of the twenty-first anniversary celebrations of this Empire-wide social club, founded by the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton, which arose out of the war, and which now has a membership approaching 50,000. In spite of its military origin, it recognises no rank, everyone being on a footing of equality. The Overseas development of the movement has been outstanding, and since 1922 no fewer than thirty-eight units and two houses have been established in Canada, eighty-seven units and a house in South Africa, and 140 units and a house in Australia

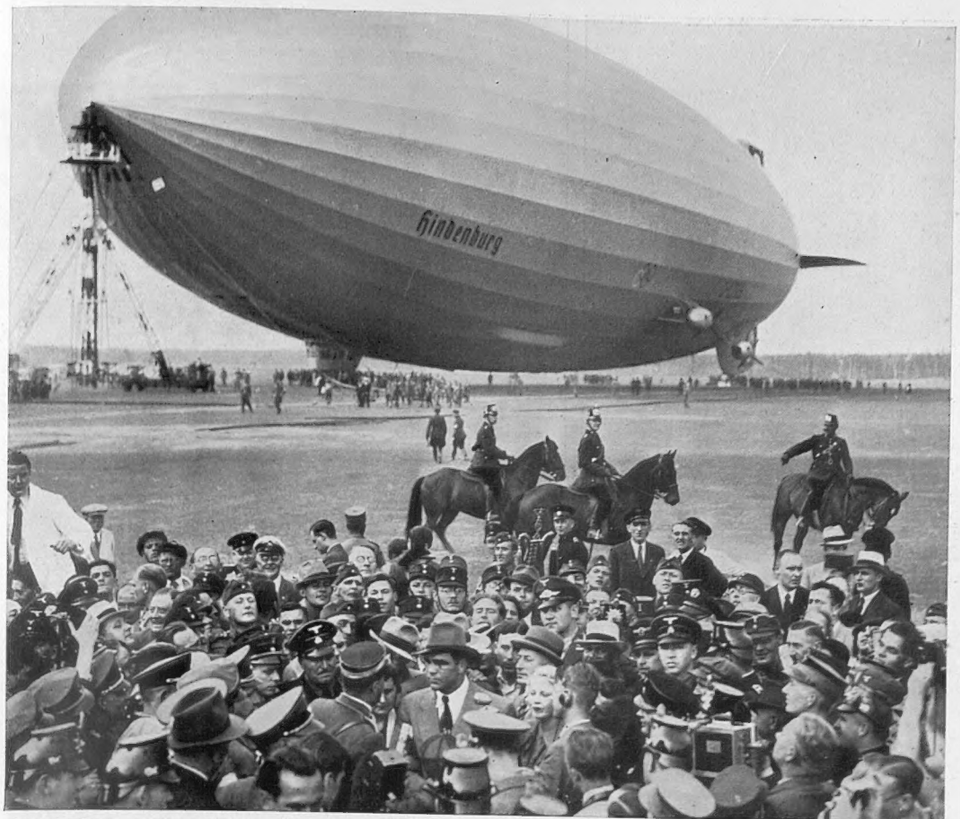


THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER with her brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, who in his capacity as president, received her when she paid a visit to the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show at Melrose, Roxburghshire. Her Royal Highness made a lengthy tour of the show grounds

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, inspecting a guard of honour of St. John Ambulance men when he attended the annual festival of the Order at Clerkenwell. A service was held in the Grand Priory Church, and afterwards there was a General Assembly during which the officers made their reports

SCHMELING HOME

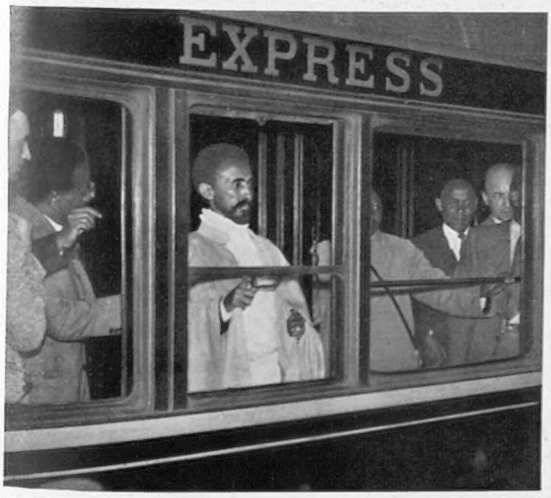
Haile Selassie Abroad



CONQUERING HERO: *Left*—Max Schmeling, fresh from his surprise victory over Joe Louis in the eliminating bout for the world heavyweight championship, and his film star wife, Anny Ondra, mobbed by the crowd that assembled to greet the boxer on his return from the United States to Frankfurt in the *Hindenburg*, which is seen safely moored in the background. The Zeppelin had had a somewhat trying trip, a strong and constant easterly wind blowing against the ship's nose all the way from New York to the Irish Sea, and slowing down speed to just over 50 m.p.h. *Right*—Schmeling, with one eye closed, evidence of the gruelling nature of the fight, pictured in the ring as he acknowledged the cheers after his defeat of the negro whom the critics had previously regarded as invincible. In spite of the handicap of age he put up a masterly performance, taking punishment in nearly every round and returning it with interest

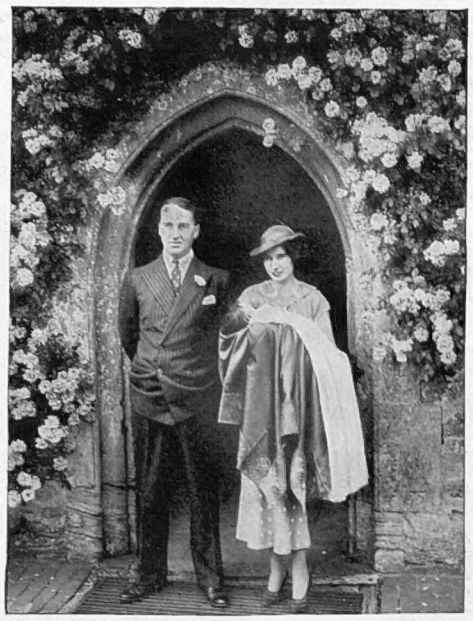
ITALO-GERMAN AGREEMENT: General G. Valle, Under-Secretary for Air and Chief of the Italian Air Staff, in conversation with Herr Hitler during his recent visit to Berlin during which a ten year civil air pact was concluded, the main provision of which is the expansion of flying services between the two countries. The General was entertained by the Government for five days

THE FUHRER'S FELICITATIONS: Chancellor Hitler congratulating Schmeling on his triumph when the latter, accompanied by his wife and mother, was received in audience following the official reception organised in his honour by the Propaganda Ministry



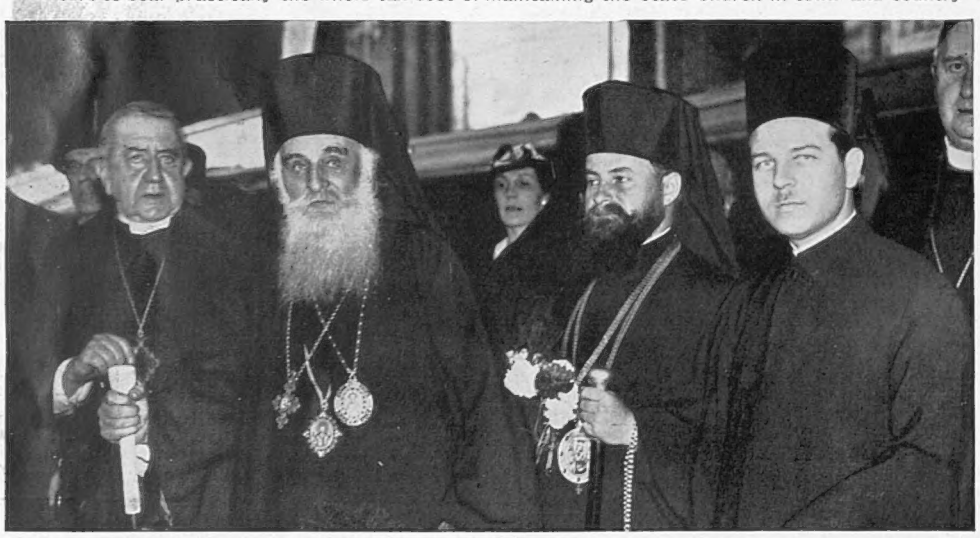
THE NEGUS AND THE LEAGUE: Haile Selassie at the window of his train (*left*) and the crowd which gathered to greet him at the station (*right*) when he arrived in Geneva from England last week, bent on making a last effort to recover his kingdom and on personally stating his country's case to the League of Nations. Fifteen rooms, including a private dining-room, were reserved for himself and his suite at the Carlton Parc Hotel, which is also the headquarters of the British delegation to the Assembly. At the time of writing His Majesty's future movements are uncertain, but it now appears to be definite that he will not go to live at Vevey, as the Swiss Federal Council has decided that "so long as the Italo-Abyssinian conflict is not liquidated it is impossible to grant hospitality"

THE NEW OPEN GOLF CHAMPION: A. H. Padgham, of Sundridge Park, holding the trophy after his victory at Hoylake last Saturday when he added the culminating honour to a season of wonderful success that has not been equalled since Harry Vardon was in his prime. His score was 287



FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBIN: These were the names given the son of the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead who is seen here with his parents after being christened last Saturday at Newbottle Church, near Banbury. Lady Eleanor Smith is one of the godparents

STATING THE FARMERS' CASE: Lady Eve Balfour, who has been so outspoken in her denunciation of tithes during the past few years, addressing the recent mass meeting in Hyde Park which was attended by some 3,000 country folk and at which a resolution was passed condemning the new Government Tithe Bill, a measure, it was stated, that compels "the single industry of agriculture to bear practically the whole tax cost of maintaining the State Church in town and country"

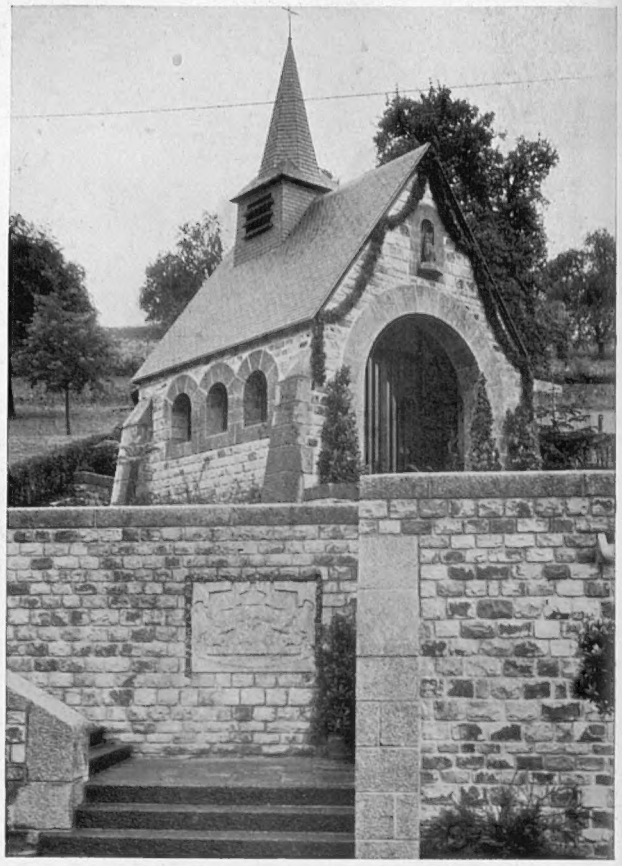


GUEST OF THE PRIMATE: His Beatitude Miron Cristea (second from left) Patriarch of Rumania, an impressive figure with long white beard and flowing black robes, seen on arrival at Victoria Station last Sunday at the start of a three weeks' official visit to England during which he is being entertained at Lambeth by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was welcomed by the Rumanian Minister, the Archbishop Germanos of Thyateira, and officials of the Greek Cathedral in London

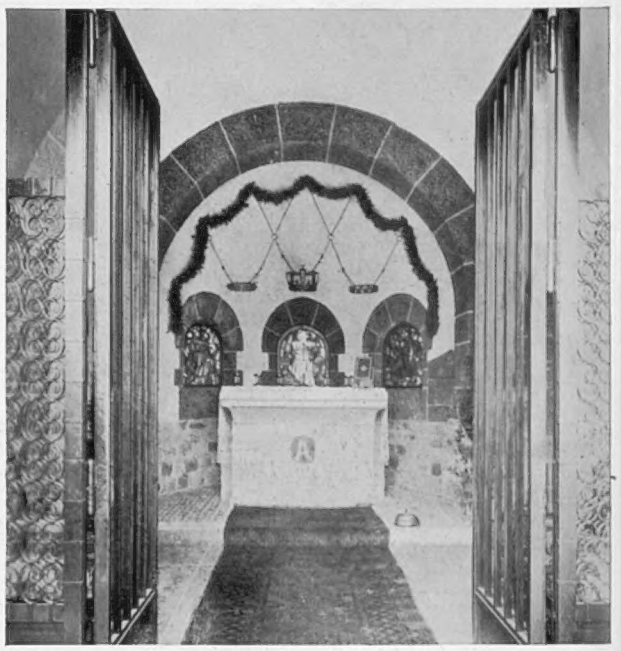
MID-SUMMER DAY CEREMONIAL: Beadles of London's city companies waiting at Guildhall to admit liverymen to the election hall during the election of sheriffs and other officers for the ensuing year

THE QUEEN ASTRID MEMORIAL

Consecrated Last Sunday by Monseigneur Colle



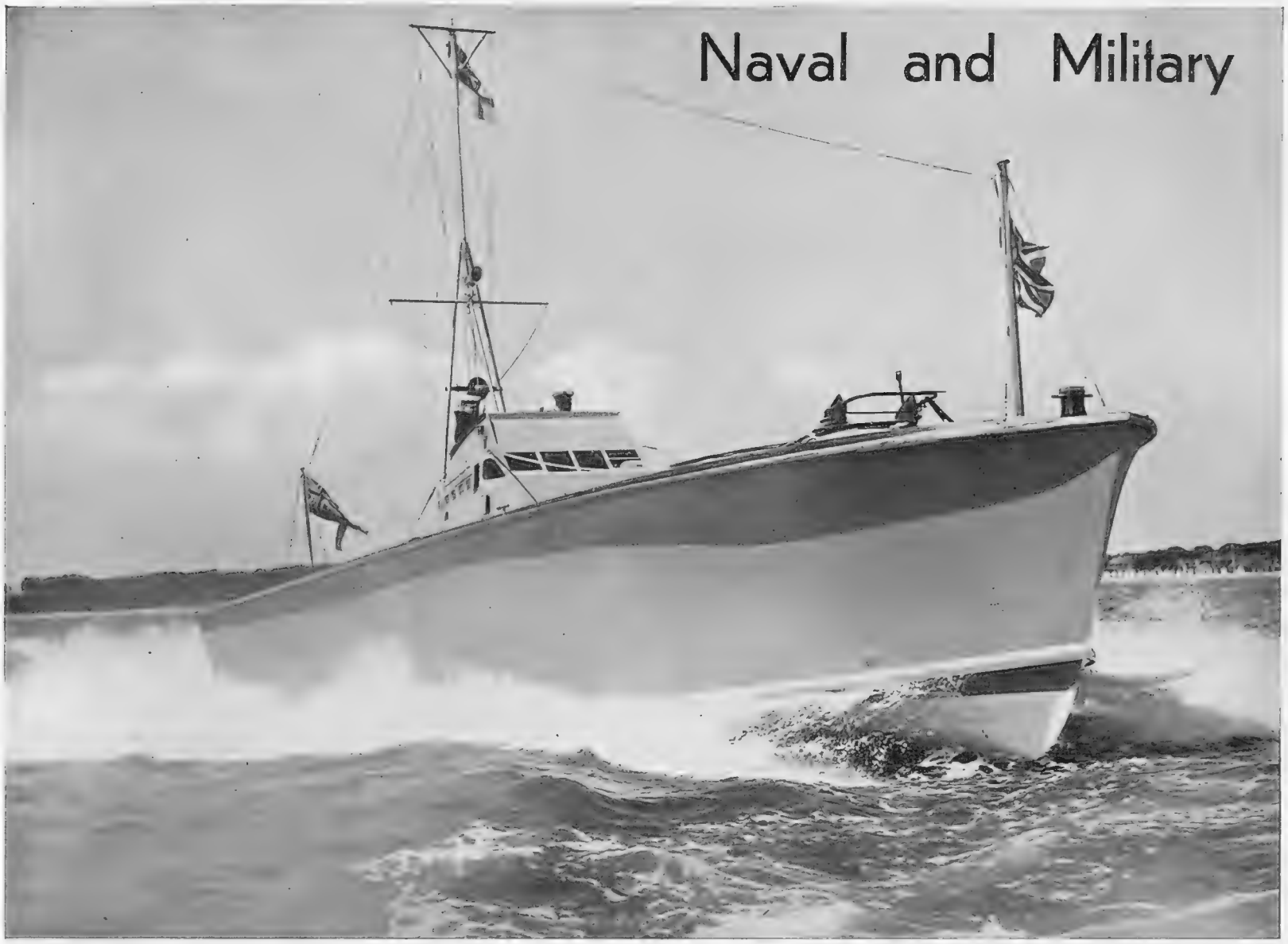
LAST TRIBUTE: The memorial chapel recently erected on the shores of Lake Lucerne and dedicated on June 28 to the late Queen Astrid of the Belgians who met her death near here while motoring with her husband, the car skidding from the road, hitting a tree, and plunging into the water



PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE: The interior of the Astrid Chapel which was consecrated by Monseigneur Colle, chief ecclesiastical dignitary of the Brussels Court, in the presence of many hundreds of Belgians who had journeyed to Lucerne specially for the ceremony. Above the altar are suspended three crowns—one modelled on that of the Belgian royal house, another a reproduction of that worn by the ill-fated Queen as a Swedish Princess, and a third a crown of thorns

SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY: Monseigneur Colle blessing the memorial stone which stands in the grounds of the chapel and marks the actual spot where the queen met her death

Naval and Military



HUSH! HUSH! The new motor torpedo-boat, designed for the Royal Navy by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, running its trials at Southampton last week. It carries two torpedoes, is equipped with machine-guns and wireless, and its speed, which has not been divulged, is known to be far in excess of 40 m.p.h. The designer, it may be remembered, set up at Venice in 1934 the unofficial world's record of 111 m.p.h. for motor-boats with his single-engined *Miss Britain III*

PONTOON BUILDING: Men engaged in bridging operations at Wyke Regis, near Weymouth, where the 4th, 5th, 11th, and 38th Field Companies, Royal Engineers, recently mustered for a three weeks' course of exercises. This forms part of the army's scheme of summer collective training, which is also in progress at the same time on Salisbury Plain, at Redesdale in Northumberland, at Watchet in Somerset, at Okehampton in Devonshire, at Trawsfynydd in Wales, and at Pirbright, Stobs, Willsworthy, and Lulworth. In addition there will be manœuvres in many parts of the country in August and the greater part of September

Presidents, In Office and Exile

Roosevelt Launches a New Crusade Against Unemployment: Calles, Mexico's Erstwhile Dictator, Finds Sanctuary in the U.S.

OPENING his campaign for re-election to the Presidency of the United States with an address to the Jefferson Day celebration in Baltimore, Maryland, Franklin Delano Roosevelt launched a new crusade against unemployment with a proposal to prohibit anyone working until he is eighteen years old or after he is sixty-five years old.

He attacked employers for lengthening working hours since the NRA was held unconstitutional, until now the average working week in the United States is 39·9 hours. Under NRA the average working week was 36·4 hours; and the President claimed that the difference accounts for the failure to solve the unemployment problem.

The Federal Government is now studying the problem of keeping children in school until they are eighteen, he said. It is also studying the problem of providing for the man over sixty-five who is without means of support.

This pronunciamento accomplishes at least the following things:

1. It lays the basis of the campaign for the Presidency of the United States in the year 1936.

2. It serves notice that Roosevelt will seek to extend, and not to withdraw, the principles implicit in the New Deal.

3. It practically guarantees that, if Roosevelt is re-elected . . . and his best informed opponents freely concede that he will be . . . there will be a major effort to amend the American Constitution in such a way as to give the Government control of the economic life of the country.

The success of the New Deal is not unqualifiedly inspiring. It has done at least as much harm as it has good. It will take at least a century or two to repair the morale of a class of people who have become accustomed, and even determined, to be supported by the Government. On the other hand, the President can contend, and not without justice, that American business has fought his programme and rendered it as ineffectual as possible. This has been very short-sighted on the part of American business, because Roosevelt can still argue that the New Deal has never had a fair trial.

And this is true if you assume that a fair trial would involve the whole-hearted co-operation of at least a preponderant majority of business men until such a time as the New Deal might prove itself to be impracticable. The argument against this attitude is, of course, that every procedure needs its adverse critics. But meanwhile American business has put itself in the position of objecting to a decent wage for the worker. It has said that it would rather see people starve than have them receive Government aid. At least, that is the way it looks to beneficiaries of the New Deal.

The issue is not so simple as that of course, but it is the mind of the dispossessed that will be all-important in the coming election, and Roosevelt has derived an incredible power from the widespread conviction that, for the first time since Abraham Lincoln, the slave has a friend in the White House.

Lincoln was a man of the people. The aristocrat of Westchester County's exclusive Hyde Park is in some ways even more appealing. The fact that this man who has never known anything but luxury is making common cause with the suffering masses has had a tremendous psychological effect. The fact that his wife has protected strikers' parades by marching at their head has been more than persuasive. The man on the street believes that Roosevelt is his friend. The result is that the American Government is in for a radical revision.

* * *

Plutarco Elias Calles, the greatest figure in Mexico since Porfirio Diaz, who lost his grip on the country when the youthful Lazaro Cardenas, whom he sponsored for president, repudiated him, has attributed his exile to the United States to the fact that he was "combating Communism."

According to his official statement, Calles will do nothing in the United States but rest. His poor health may dictate this course. He has not been well for a long time. When he was arrested he was confined to his bed with influenza. But otherwise an inactive course on his part does not seem plausible. His two statements—that he was exiled because he was combating Communism and that he has taken no interest in his country's politics since he returned to the country from voluntary exile last December—are obviously contradictory. There is also the prediction that he made upon his arrival in Texas, that his exile will precipitate a revolution in Mexico.

Calles' home was surrounded at midnight, and he was then informed that he was to be exiled. Apparently he doubted the true nature of his sentence, because he dared the Government to take him before a firing squad. His was not, however, to be the fate of a Maximilian or a Madero, who, along with Santa Ana and Diaz, came to violent ends. In fact, he was to be the first dictator since before Maximilian to escape from the country with his life, without fleeing for it. Cardenas had clearly made up his mind that he had everything to lose by executing Calles, and nothing to gain by it. Orders had been issued to treat Calles with respect, and he was granted permission to take with him to the United States as many members of his family as the plane placed at his disposal would carry. He ended by taking only his son, Alfredo.

CHAMPION OF BIG BUSINESS: Mr. F. H. Claussen, chairman of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce Committee on Federal Finance and opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's new Tax Bill which has just been passed by the Senate and is expected to yield £165,800,000 additional revenue annually, largely by placing increased burdens on industrial corporations. One of the Bill's important provisions is a surtax of 7 per cent. on all undistributed earnings

With Calles were exiled a number of Mexican leaders accused of aiding him in activities allegedly hostile to the Cardenas Government. They were Luis L. Leon, formerly Minister of industry and commerce, and Minister of agriculture; Luis N. Morones, leader of the Regional Confederation of Labor, and former Minister of industry and commerce; Gen. Rafael Melchor Ortego, formerly Governor of the State of Guanajuato; and Gen. Jose Maria Tapia, chief of the presidential headquarters staff under Provisional President Pascual Ortiz Rubio.

Upon his arrival in Brownsville, Calles declared that Communism is spreading in Mexico, and that the Government is encouraging it. He said that conditions in the country are chaotic, and that the blame is properly to be placed on Emilio Portes Gil, head of the National Revolutionary Party. It was Gil who framed the Government's lengthy and official statement of its attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church.

Asked if he would return to Mexico, Calles replied: "Who knows?"

Although Calles reiterated that he expects revolution in Mexico, he added that he does not believe revolution will solve Mexico's problems. He expressed the belief that the only solution lies in the organization of labor and the middle classes to present a united front against Communism.

Calles' great power over Mexico extended from 1924 when he was elected president down to the beginning of last year. His feud with the Roman Catholic Church dated from 1926 when the Church took exception to provisions of the new Constitution.

It was his co-operation with industrialists and foreigners, notably American, which turned Mexican labor against him; and it was on this basis that Cardenas was able to deprive him of his once great power.

On April 11, the day after his exile, the police were forced to repulse a mob from the General Confederation of Labor which sought to take possession of Calles' home at Santa Barbara. Many of his friends were reported as arrested and it was believed that his property in Mexico will eventually be confiscated. He is said to have deposited large sums of money in banks outside Mexico.

Nelson Springer

FLOATING AIRDROME: H.M.S. *Repulse* which has just left for the Mediterranean after an extensive refit. She now has a catapult and two hangars housing four seaplanes—the largest number of machines carried by a warship other than an aircraft carrier

The Navy Looks to the Air

No Longer Contemptuous of Flying Machines as an Offensive Weapon

NAVAL equipment, and the naval mind, which not so many years ago were somewhat contemptuous of aircraft as a serious offensive weapon in sea warfare, have been considerably influenced by recent aeronautical developments. There is to-day a very vivid realisation of the damage which may be inflicted by air bombs and torpedoes on ships at sea or in harbour, and a consequent scuttle to make good the deficiencies of our naval air and anti-air equipment. Disarmament and over-economy have in the long run proved expensive policies.

Appreciation of the air-craft threat to the Navy was sharpened by the Italo-Abyssinian crisis and the fact that our fleet had to operate far from home in narrow seas under the nose of a well-equipped potential enemy gave added impetus to the measures now being undertaken. But long before the crisis the air menace and our shortage of fleet aircraft were understood and within the limits imposed by economy and disarmament the holes were being cobbled.

The shortage of machines was in part due to lack of accommodation in the ships. Before the introduction of catapult-launching the fleet had to rely on the aircraft-carriers, vulnerable and slightly embarrassing craft, which carried all the eggs in one basket, since if the carrier is put out of action or its deck damaged by a well-placed bomb all the aircraft it carries are immobilised.

The perfection of the catapult was a great advance. Capital ships and cruisers were then able to carry their own reconnaissance machine, but at first they had no hangar accommodation, and so only one machine, stowed on its launching catapult, could be carried. There has recently been a further development in the case of H.M.S. *Cumberland*, a cruiser which lately completed a refit lasting over a year. A hangar has been provided before the mainmast to hold three Walrus amphibian flying-boats. A fourth machine is stowed on the catapult, so that the ship now carries a complete flight of aircraft. She has also been equipped with the latest type of anti-aircraft guns and deck armour. H.M.S. *Suffolk* is now being similarly refitted, and H.M.S. *Kent* will receive the same treatment in due course. H.M.S. *Repulse* has also been adapted to carry four machines, in this case seaplanes, which are housed in two hangars amidships. She has recently left for the Mediterranean after an extensive refit.

The matter of anti-aircraft defence has of late received special consideration. A year or more ago the introduction of a new quick-firing anti-aircraft pom-pom which develops a tremendous volume of fire was announced. But this gun's very capacity for rapid fire raised problems of ammunition supply. There were rumours, voiced in Parliament, that when the fleet went to the Mediterranean in a hurry at the beginning of the Italo-Abyssinian crisis it had ammunition for its anti-aircraft pom-poms for only a few minutes' firing.

Naval anti-aircraft gunnery is being tackled very seriously. In fact two cruisers, H.M.S. *Coventry* and H.M.S. *Curlew*, have been converted into floating anti-aircraft batteries for the protection of the fleet; each unit of which has, of course, anti-aircraft guns of one sort or another of its own.

In order to give the fleet gunnery practice against aircraft the Queen Bee type of small aeroplane has been used for some time. These machines are controlled entirely by wireless, and simulate the conditions of actual warfare more closely than any means yet devised. They are generally similar to the Tiger Moth light aeroplane which is used for training in the R.A.F. They have engines of 130 h.p. and can fly at 100 m.p.h. The gunners fire at the actual machines, which can be made to fly just as erratic a course under fire as if a pilot were aboard, and may have the satisfaction of seeing the machine brought down.

The Admiralty has now decided to use the old aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Argus* as a tender for pilotless aeroplanes for anti-aircraft gunnery practice. She will carry at least eight of these machines and will have special gear for launching and salving them and, of course, special wireless apparatus for their control. She will also carry a marking party and instruments for recording the gunnery results. When not engaged on this work H.M.S. *Argus* will be used for training Fleet Air Arm pilots in deck landing.

The deficiences in our naval equipment have given rise to a new campaign for the transfer to the Navy of complete control of the Fleet Air Arm—an issue which has been raised, debated, and decided several times since the war. Successive governments

(*Continued on page* 34)

SPHERE SURVEY

THE BIG U.S. SHARE OUT: Men waiting at New York Red Cross headquarters—one of the paying-out stations—to receive their portion of the £400,000,000 in bonuses which were distributed by the Government simultaneously throughout the country to 3,600,000 ex-soldiers as a reward for their war services. The disbursement of this huge sum was authorised only after a long and violent political campaign which ended in President Roosevelt vetoing the measure brought forward by Congress and in the veto being overruled. The average bonus was over £100 and as a result a spending boom has set in

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: Dr. W. Frick, the Reichsminister of the Interior, delivering his inaugural speech in the medieval market place at Lubeck, the German town on the Baltic, when he inaugurated the annual meeting of the Nordic Society—an association working for the establishment of closer cultural union between Germany and Scandinavia

GETTING THE BONDS CERTIFIED: U.S. ex-soldiers having their certificates examined and passed before cashing-in on them. The vast majority of the recipients are not included among America's 10,000,000 unemployed, most of them belonging to the salaried middle class and professional ranks, while quite a large percentage are employers of labour

LEADERS OF MEN: *Left*—Baron Giorgio Susiani di Castelnuovo, President of New York's newly formed Noblemens Club, the object of which is to expose those masquerading under titles to which they have no right and to protect those with genuine claims. Dues of five dollars a month are levied on each member. *Right*—Maître E. Carpentier, who has just been elected President of the Paris lawyers association

FRANCO-BRITISH OCCASION: Field Marshal Sir Claud Jacob (left) and the Mayor of Dinard standing beside the memorial after it had been unveiled at the Mairie to commemorate the centenary of the arrival of the first English residents in Dinard, Brittany's famous watering place

PUBLIC SWATTER NO. 1: This little girl returned the highest score in a recent fly-killing competition in Tokyo and is pictured here receiving the first prize, which has all the appearance of being a flagon of ale

SMUGGLING ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER: A line of coolies, bearing contraband from Manchukuo, about to pass through a gap in the Great Wall near Shanhaikwan, while a Japanese youth (right foreground) watches for the approach of Customs officials. Smuggling in this region is attaining serious proportions and the loss of revenue to the Nanking Government is estimated at £600,000 a year. The authorities are afraid to take action, as it might lead to international "incidents"

THE HORSESHOE GRAVES OF CANTON: Cattle grazing in a vast and untended cemetery, occupying the whole of one side of a hill. It is a strange reflection that in a country possessed of such a teeming population, where there is scarcely land enough for the living, so much space should be occupied by the dead

AN ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECE: The recently completed residence of the Governor-General of Canton—a building approached by an imposing flight of steps

NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST

Where China and Its Two Governments are in Conflict Over Japanese Policy

A SAMURAI PROCESSION passing in front of the new museum in Iga Province, near Osaka, when it was opened last month in the presence of the Minister for Education, Mr. Ushio, and the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Shimada. The building, which is in traditional architectural style, houses a permanent exhibition of contemporary art and craftsmanship. The cost of it has been defrayed by a member of the Diet and it has taken four years to complete

ASIA'S STORM CENTRE: A sketch map of China showing the territory of the Canton Government, which is demanding war against Japan to put a stop to her aggressive tactics in the far North, and the territory of the Nanking or Central Government which, foreseeing national disaster in such a move, prepared itself last week to fight out the issue with the Cantonese, preferring of the two unwelcome alternatives the prospect of civil strife. The recently created demilitarised zone lying just to the south of the Great Wall provides a further example of Japanese expansional activity on the northern frontier, where the authority of Nanking is being slowly but surely undermined

Canton Takes the Initiative

Events in China, partially obscured by troubles nearer home, have been progressing steadily towards a crisis, and when the Canton Government, angered at the Central Government's alleged supine attitude towards Japanese military pressure, recently decided to take the initiative, the scene was laid for a conflict of alarming dimensions. Nanking, while realising that sooner or later Japan must be defied, is of the opinion that the time is not ripe for such a challenge, and as a result China's two Governments are at daggers drawn over the question. At the time of writing civil war is imminent, and if it does occur the country will be playing into the hands of Japan, for a China, torn by internal dissensions, would at once be an easy prey

WIMBLEDON INTIME

Specially drawn for THE SPHERE

AS AN ARTIST SEES IT: Wimbledon, venue of the world tennis championships, has an atmosphere all its own largely by reason of the very strong international flavour of its contests. In this drawing Hookway Cowles gives a glimpse of the Grand Entrance of the centre court, where spectators come in their thousands, the women lending colour to the scene with their cool and elegant summer frocks. Autograph hunters are, as ever, much in evidence

GRAND PARADE: Wimbledon's fashionable throng on the paved way outside the centre court, where there is an indicator showing point by point how the big matches are progressing and where it is thus possible to share the excitement of those within. Away on the right are the lesser courts which, during the first crowded week of the tournament, are the scene of important matches

PENALTY OF POPULARITY: Miss Stammers with schoolgirls for whom she signed autographs. *On right*—Von Cramm, voted by many the best looking of the men players, also spends much time giving his signature. He is a favourite with the crowds, although his game is efficient rather than spectacular

PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE QUINS: Every day people come to Callander, Ontario, from all parts of Canada and the United States, lining up outside the steel fence (*left*) which guards the Dionne Hospital from the outer world until, at visiting time, the gates are opened and they are allowed to stream through, men, women, and children often rushing helter-skelter for the nursery as in the picture reproduced above on right. Perhaps not very seemly is this haste, but none the less expressive of the enormous attraction of these wonder children who have so captured the world's imagination since their birth

A MONTH ago—on May 28—with snow falling heavily Canada's famous Quintuplets celebrated their second birthday, and Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe who saw them into the world on that famous morning in 1934, can now report that "the babies are in almost perfect physical condition. Each month they continue to increase in weight, and every physician to visit the hospital has expressed amazement at the perfect health of the babies." In his report to the Canadian Medical Association he says "I know of no greater treat in the world than the one I receive when I enter the nursery every morning and see such a rare collection of smiling healthy babies."

EVERY DAY A WASH DAY: The tiny garments hanging out to dry at the homestead at Callander where the Quins were born and where they spent the first five months of their lives

In their specially built log baby house on the edge of the pine woods at Callander, Ontario, the five little princesses are evidently growing more handsome every day. They are watched over by three careful, affectionate nurses and the never-ceasing love of Dr. Dafoe.

"THE COUNTRY DOCTOR": A scene from the film, starring the Quins, in which Jean Hersholt takes the part of the practitioner who delivers them

The five Dionne babies are French Canadians by birth—their parents are *habitants*, speaking French and a little English when they must. One of the parents' complaints to the authorities (for alas, there is a little rift within the lute) is that their five girl babies cannot speak any French to which Dr. Dafoe replies that they can already say *Le Docteur* and that they are learning to speak in French. Mrs. Dionne's five little daughters are very much under the wing of the Ontario Government, who are now erecting a new building close to the Dionne hospital for the special use of the nurses and police who guard the children.

"SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN . . .": Mrs. Oliva Dionne with the Quins whose arrival created such a problem as she already had six youngsters with whom she had to cope. She is a pleasant featured woman with a mass of dark hair

"Yes, it all seems very efficient but are they getting enough to eat," ask Mr. and Mrs. Dionne. One can see the smile on Dr. Dafoe's face—as if one of his five charges should go without anything she needed. Well, perhaps the doctor is right, "but what about the fate of my children so near and yet so far away? I bore them." To which medical science replies—"Now Mrs. Dionne, you must not be unreasonable. You already have six children and a young baby to rear—your five wonder girls we must look after." Which is all quite true but Mrs. Dionne does not go to the party—she and her husband celebrate the day by going to the special mass said for the welfare of the children.

And Mrs. Dionne can watch all the preparations of the film staff who are going to record the Quins so that the world may see her children, those "natural noisy comediennes" who have been delighting film goers in *The Country Doctor* and on the news reels.

AT 21 MONTHS — A LUSTY GROUP CLAMOURING FOR BREAKFAST: A vision of the five babies in their five high chairs

WHERE THE DIONNE HOSPITAL STANDS: The new quarters of the Quins, (top right) across the way from their parents' homestead where in all twelve childen have been ushered into the world

ON GUARD: Two members of the Ontario police detailed off to protect the children at the hospital Note the fleet of prams on the veranda. *Below*—The hospital as it is to-day with a new large-windowed sun parlour which has recently been added in front

THE HOSPITAL NEARING COMPLETION: A picture taken five months after the birth of the children and showing the building erected with funds supplied by the Quins' already enormous publicity earnings. It was a delicate task transferring them here, but it has in all probability been the means of saving their lives

World Copyright Reserved: Reproduction Forbidden

THE ABIDING MARVEL OF THE DIONNE BABIES

The Progress of the Quintuplets, who have now Passed their Second Birthday and are Reported by their Doctor to be in Almost Perfect Physical Condition

IT'S CECILIE! She likes walking but prefers rolling on the floor which, being spotlessly clean, doesn't matter in the least. Cecilie and her sisters are as sturdy as any youngsters of their age, and their condition is a tremendous tribute to Dr. Dafoe who with incredible skill has nursed the children from premature birth to glowing health

Does she remember that but for the ceaseless devotion of one man and an equally devoted nurse that neither she nor her famous babies would be alive to-day?

It is just this juxtaposition of the devotion of the doctor and the nurse with the coming of the Quins in a remote country of lake and pine—you will find Callander near Lake Nipissing on your map of Canada—which makes the story of the Quins so compelling; and those unorthodox drops of rum which saved the five in the days when the bunch of them weighed only 10 lbs.; administered by a mild country doctor whom fate converted into a fierce disease repelling dragon, guarding the Dionne home, and not for the few days of a country wife's confinement, but for all the days which followed; and the willing help of the outside world, and the aid of the girls of the district who owned cars and who flew round the district to ensure the delivery of the proper amount of mother's milk for the five ——, yes, they are still all alive, and the baby illnesses, the local epidemics, how they scared the watchers in the Dionne night nurseries.

THEIR FIRST TOBOGGAN RIDE: Emilie (in front) Yvonne, Cecilie, Annette, and Marie, dressed up in their woolly coats and leggings and with caps well over their ears. A picture taken just before their second birthday last May when there was a heavy fall of snow

Yes, they were all alive—all five—a thing which had never happened before in recorded medical history, the five writhing lumps of blue whom Destiny and the doctor did not allow to die.

The Quins, who are already looming large in the film world, have just been insured by the Fox Twentieth Century Company for £20,000 to be paid if any one of the five sisters die while the film contract is in force. The premium is about £1,500 a year—a truly enormous amount when it is realised in what good hands the children are placed.

DR. DAFOE AND THREE OF HIS CHARGES, Emilie, Yvonne and Marie whom he has so brilliantly fostered for the past two years. *On right*—Nurse Leroux, who has been with the babies from the earliest days, dresses Emilie after her morning bath

PARTY FROCKS AND CAKES FOR FIVE: THE QUINS AT EXACTLY TWO YEARS

The Quins, in frilly muslin dresses tied with satin ribbons, pose for a photograph in the nursery at their second birthday party, which their parents did not attend. Yvonne, Emilie, and Annette are evidently looking for the dicky bird but Cecilie and Marie are more interested in the candles adorning their cakes. They look a picture of health and Dr. Dafoe says they are in almost perfect physical condition

TROUBLED *Frontiers*

A Tour of Western Europe Reveals a State of Things More Menacing than in the Summer of 1914

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MILITARY MACHINE IN THE MAKING: German recruits engaged on a route march

"*IM Westen nichts neues*" used to be the—for Fieldgreys—exasperating bulletin with which German Grand General Headquarters would condescend to sum up happenings on the Western Front when all had been in Ludendorffian eyes quiet there: just the normal few hundred casualties that twenty-four hours cost in maintaining the line.

In the course of a recent tour it occurred more than once that, comparing the summers of 1914 and 1936, there decidedly was something new in the West.

Twenty-two years ago where was there any open anticipation of immediate war, hot-foot preparation for this? Any talk of defensive lines or measures? Of sudden *coups*? We took it all in our stride, blithely, innocently, that swift ultimate spell conducting to August Bank Holiday. In language that has come to us since, we didn't know a thing about it. (I know I didn't, when sent off that first day "to cover Brussels.")

We all know about it now: such is the new factor.

What one is tempted to wonder is whether it should eventually work for good or for ill that we are so conscious of this second peril? Will the endless "talks," the eternal wrangling and discussion and "revelations" in the international Press, the bulk of which is now habitually reserved for the Crisis in some form, ultimately pan out as a benefit or the contrary? And will the physical writing on the ground that each is indulging, the defensive and offensive works and plans being so furthered, in the upshot beckon the clash or deter this?

Slippery subject for debate from which (happily) I must pass on in as much as my notes are not concerned with abstract reflections, rather with the physical defences—and other things—that are being thrown up in the West, together with some of the supposed plans attaching thereto.

My itinerary took me by the five countries with which we would be most concerned: France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium-Luxemburg, Dutch Limburg. Since early March the position had developed considerably. At the back of everyone's mind now, in the frontier latitudes, are the preparations being pressed forward. Most people get on to them after a while, except the Germans whose lips are sealed except for the commanded refrain of their desiring only peace.

The brazen rape of Ethiopia seems to have shaken even the most stable and secure, notorious "neutrals." Brushing by Bale, one learnt that the Swiss Confederation had voted nearly £16,000,000, or four times the annual Budget and roughly the same as £170,000,000 with ourselves, taking the two populations into account, on immediate national defence. The manifesto that heralded the unexampled expenditure was outspoken:—

"The foundations of the international order are rocking. From various quarters claims are surging up behind which new forces are showing themselves, forces borne by national exaltation, severely disciplined, furnished with a modern armament, and ready for action. The situation achieved by the war has been able to resist events . . . in the present heavily-charged atmosphere a relatively small event might precipitate a catastrophe."

Bluntly, the Swiss fear is that Hitler may opt for invading Switzerland with a view to making it a key-position for operations on either side of the Alps, as events might decree. The argument is that Germany will not risk an invasion of Holland or Belgium because it would bring British intervention.

Facing Switzerland, the Germans are constructing a fortified zone from Donaueschingen and onwards by the Black Forest to Heilbronn. This could well be to checkmate the French, did Hitler strike in the East, but the Swiss General Staff apparently reasons otherwise: these fortifications are to be the lightly-held rampart upon which the invaders of the Confederation would rest in safety.

Of the Maginot Line so much has been written that I shall only add that it is now held permanently, day and night, that its projection from Longwy northwards should be completed by the spring, and that the controlled German Press publishes constant accounts of this neighbouring French "menace." One Nazi correspondent, describing a motor tour apparently round Metz, fairly saw things:—

"As far as the eye could see, was a forest of vertical steel sticking 5 ft. up out of the ground. Railway-lines, planted 20 ft. deep in the earth! The latest anti-tank scheme! The French claim that if the heaviest tank could break through the first two steel lines without becoming impaled, the third would be extremely difficult, and the last two, impossible."

Experts will know what there is to this story. The layman, if he be wise, keeps his pooh-poohing under restraint these times. Astonishing devices and stunts are being thought out and ordered in support of the popular theory of defence by destruction, which is having an immense fillip in view of the fear of lightning onslaughts by motorised forces and swarms of tanks. In the Ardennes, the Belgian frontier corps of 4,000 specially trained, machine-gunning Chasseurs is daily getting more adept with "the disappearing roadway." This stunt takes the form of digging vast gaps in strategic roads closest to the frontier. If the signals are against you at night, beware of proceeding, because the "lift" that is electrically driven up, to bridge the gap, may not be in position. Nazi papers have a deal to say of "the Wasp Nest of the Ardennes;" I shall return to Belgium presently.

Herr Hitler's rapid and sure beheading of (German) spies has had its wished-for effect in reducing espionage on the Reich, yet French circles in Alsace are confident that they can follow the general scheme of fortifications that is maturing across the frontier, likewise the usages for which it is intended.

The German system is in two lines of powerful forts and strong points. The principal line includes the Eifel, the adjacent mountainous region of the Moselle known as the Hunsrück, and so on through the Odenwald to the Western slopes of the Black Forest. The second line runs from the Taunus range, above Wiesbaden, to the valley of the Neckar, behind Heidelberg. These defensive positions are being prepared, so it is averred, for use in two sets of conditions. If it be decided just to lock in France, while operating elsewhere, they would provide the necessary rampart. Should the French enter German territory in the fortified quadrilateral Trier-Koblenz-Mainz-Karlsruhe, the strategic idea behind the system would render possible a "pincer clutch" on the invading armies.

Perhaps I should mention that although 150,000 men are said to be at work (the largest number at the confluence of the Saar and Moselle) little or nothing is to be seen from main roads in the area. But we saw hardly any New Army soldiers, either, during a week in Germany, though barracks, barracks, everywhere being built, so that visual signs may not count for much! What we did see was motor power: constant camouflaged, doorless, open cars of savage appearance tearing by, slap-up lorries and motor-cycle contraptions, all the occupants in some uniform or another. The visitor derives an unfading impression of how Nazi Germany is depending on motor power for whatever it is going to be up to. Alone, the empty, colossally costly Reichsautobahnen or autostrades, tell a tale it is increasingly useless to deny, namely, their exclusively strategic raison d'être.

Each time we got on to one—at Rosenheim, on the way to Berchtesgaden, round Darmstadt, or in the Rhineland proper, it was the same broad concrete expanse with a mere half-a-dozen cars or cyclists passing every ten minutes or so. How coming events to-day cast their roadways before! I suppose some people in the War House are keeping up a map of all these new and superfluous (in peace time) arteries steadily accumulating on the Continent.

Just as "Intelligence" managed up to a point to read what the Germans were doing by the tracks they made in the vicinity of the front line, so the criss-crossing of these autostrades, over which motorised divisions will be able to travel at "fifty," holds its very eloquent story. One is not a bit surprised, for instance, that the Jugoslavs are nervous at the rapid completion of Austria's second great Alpine roadway, the Packstrasse "which would enable Italian troops, in the event of war, to avoid the Jugoslav-Italian frontier, debouching instead on to the defenceless Jugoslav plains."

Who paid for the Packstrasse? Who paid for that other millionaire fancy, the Gross-Glöckner, advertised from one end of Austria to the other, and about twenty cars passing over it in a day, during a few months only?

The ultimate expression in action of what is rapidly growing to be Hitler's Motorised Army is spoken of as a threefold affair: firstly, an attack without declaration of war by 2,000 aircraft; secondly, an assault wave of as many tanks; and thirdly, the transport into the shattered country ahead of a dozen shock divisions travelling at

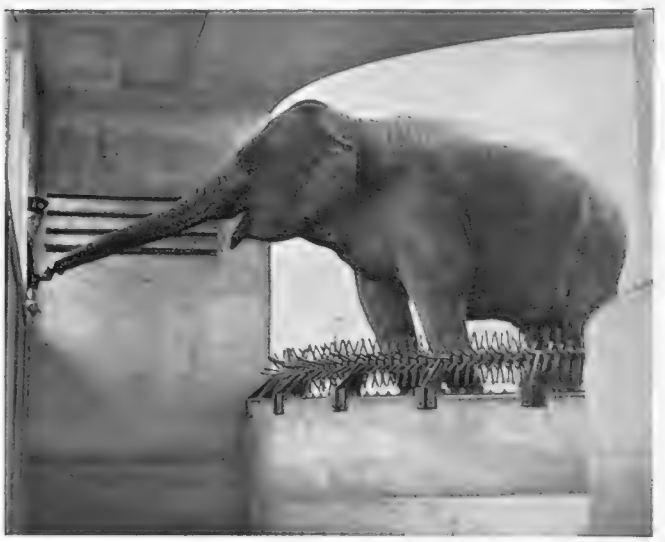
(Continued on page 37)

On right — "THE DESOLATE SPACES WAKEN TO THE THUNDER OF PASSING HORDES": A chance picture taken on a country road "somewhere in Germany"

WHIPSNADE'S NEW ELEPHANT HOUSE

LONG RANGE FEEDING: The elephants stretch their trunks beyond the barrier of spikes, one of them reaching to the windows from which the public view them. In cold weather, and through a large part of the winter, the windows are shut, thus enabling the interior temperature to be maintained

MODERNITY IN ZOO ARCHITECTURE: The interior of the elephant house, with room for four animals, which has been built at Whipsnade to the designs of Lubetkin and Tecton, and is proving a great attraction for visitors. Each of the four stalls has a deep bath in front of it, the water acting as a barrier, but it is narrow enough for an elephant to reach his trunk across to be fed by members of the public standing on the other side



FORGING AHEAD: The exterior of the ferro-concrete elephant house erected on the site of an old apple orchard and forming part of the 1935 improvement scheme which involved a total expenditure of very nearly £38,000. Whipsnade, or the London Zoo's "country seat" as it is sometimes called, is pursuing a thoroughly go-ahead policy and last year's total attendance figures of 471,545 and admission fees of £20,282 give some idea of its popularity

Pictures by "The Sphere's" photographer, William Davis

d

MAKING A NEW PORT: The Levant Fair buildings near the foreshore of Tel Aviv, Palestine's all-Jewish city, where work is now in progress on the construction of a jetty (*seen on right*) to which steamers may come with their cargoes, thus avoiding Jaffa, centre of Arab disturbances. Prominent citizens are contributing towards the cost of these highly important harbour works

JEWISH PROGRESS

In the Holy Land Checked by

ARAB GRIEVANCES

A Personal Impression of Palestine's Racial Struggle

The writer of this article spent some months of last winter in Palestine. He visited many of the Jewish Settlements north of and around the shores of Lake Kinnereth (Sea of Galilee), also those districts inhabited by Bedouin Arabs in the neighbourhood of Beersheba, South Palestine, where a camp for Arab political exiles has been established. In both of these areas disorders, arising out of the present reluctance of the Arabs to agree to further immigration by the Jews, have lately occurred.

RACING a farm wagon up a hill near Metulla, North Palestine, I saw one day last winter two young Jews driving towards a plantation, its fruit trees flourishing in the shelter of the hills which lie between Jordan and the Mediterranean coast. They were wearing bright blue shirts and khaki shorts and expressed, it seemed, the vigour and high-spirited energy which the 100,000 Jewish immigrants who have entered Palestine during the last four years have directed towards the agricultural and commercial development of that country.

These two had lately joined one of the oldest settlements in Palestine, the Metulla Colony, founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild in 1896. They could have had no thought that afternoon that before this season's crops were well advanced bands of lawless Arabs would be burning Jewish property, uprooting the trees, and sniping at cars from desolate hills which are an aid to acts of terrorism in Palestine. It bothered them little that land, recently acquired by Zionist organisations in Jerusalem, was being bought from Arab feudal landlords, thereby dispossessing the native tenantry, which partly for that economic reason, is now showing hostility towards the newcomers.

A new life had released these two young Jews from oppressive circumstances in Central Europe. In an access of freedom they, and thousands like them, scarcely realised that a Jewish voice raised above the clatter of a horse's hoofs was itself enough to stir resentment in the heart of a passing Arab. Not that the Arab has any racial dislike for the Jew. In Baghdad 50,000 Oriental Jews conduct business in the bazaars, shops, and offices, living and mixing with the Muslim community. The real bitterness arises from a fear of ultimate Jewish dominance, by wealth, interests, and perhaps numbers in a country conquered by the Arabs just 1300 years ago.

But in Metulla last winter it appeared that the triumph of law over civil disorder was fairly well established. Agricultural workers had settled down to the hundred-and-one tasks connected with sheep and cattle rearing and the production of wool, cereal crops, fruits, and honey. In one farmyard which I visited a party was unpacking some light steel girders, bought for the construction of durable outhouses.

Everywhere was peaceful rural industry with only one sad reminder of the periodic outbreaks between Jews and Arabs. On the outskirts of the farm was a stone monument, subscribed largely by Lord Melchett whose family has a beautiful villa on the shores of Galilee. This memorial, cut to resemble a roaring lion, commemorates the heroism of Josef Trumpeldor, a name which is as familiar to Zionist children as is Gordon of Khartum to readers of our own school history books.

In the earlier days of the colony Trumpeldor and a small band of his comrades lost their lives defending the Metulla settlement against an organised attack by Arabs. And the memorial is a symbol of the determination with which Jews, who have obtained their land only by paying the previously unheard of price in Palestine of £100 per acre, are resolved to protect their rights there.

A high valuation of land, greatly benefiting Arab owners; wages mounting so rapidly as to draw the Arab fellaheen into Jewish employment; better conditions in the country, and, with the building of new houses, flats, shops, and business quarters in the towns, a vast improvement in the standard of urban life and in the quality of municipal services. . . .

Such an obvious degree of immediate prosperity, substantiated by a surplus revenue of £7,000,000 (one-and-a-half times the sum of the annual Palestinian budget estimate), has led the Jews to hope that the Arabs, who outnumber them in the ratio of seven to two, would make no further attempt at the guerilla tactics which led to the death of their Zionist hero, Trumpeldor.

THE CUSTOMS STATION built on Tel Aviv beach in front of the partially completed unloading jetty, timber and other materials for the construction of which are seen in the foreground

For although the conditions under which the Jews have bought their way into Palestine have sometimes seemed harsh, they have done nothing which might aggravate the Arab population. They have, for example, been granted a concession to drain the Huleh swamp, but only providing they give one-third of the reclaimed land to Arabs.

Rowing across Huleh, known in the *Old Testament* as the Waters of Merom, to a point where Jordan follows a sluggish course through the water-weeds and papyrus-grass before flowing into the lake, I heard how the concession for draining a swamp of 10,000 acres came into Jewish hands:

In 1914 the Ottoman Turks approved a land reclamation scheme of a group of Syrian business men. These speculators sat on the concession for twenty years, hoping for a sale and doing nothing towards improving the land. Less than two years ago negotiations were opened between the Zionist organisations and the mandatory Government in Jerusalem, and, with the recent approval of the British authorities, the 1914 rights, given gratis by the Turkish Government, were bought by the Jews from the original concessionaires for a sum of £192,000. It was also laid down that rather more than 3,000 acres of the reclaimed area should be handed over to the local Arabs without their expending a single "mil" (the thousandth part of a Palestinian pound).

The present insecurity of Palestine, marked these last few months by the one-sided loss by Jews of 40,000 fruit trees, scattered over an area of 310,000 acres which is barely 5 per cent. of the 6,400,000 acres belonging to the Arabs, has held up reclamation schemes and all work of a progressive kind. It hampers, too, the distribution of farm products. It upsets the hotel business along Galilee Lido, as the Tiberias side of the lake is now called. And it may even add to the depression of the Arab boatman, who, when asked by an American what he charged for a row, demanded 40 piastres (8s.) and was promptly told that if that was really his price it was no wonder Christ chose to walk.

Most serious of all the economic well-being of the country, which is under British protection, is endangered. Exports from Palestine consist mainly of a £3,000,000 crop of Jaffa oranges and the Dead Sea mineral produce of a potash company whose lorries were recently ambushed on the Jericho-Jerusalem road. These oranges and chemicals provide less than 30 per cent. of the value of goods imported annually from Britain and Europe, mainly on the credit of wealthy Jewish immigrants.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," wrote the Psalmist. And the difficulties facing the experienced administration in Jerusalem bear out those words. For Arab grievances are not only derived from economic sources. There is everywhere the development of a sense of inferiority to the Jews which nothing but the removal of the cause can check.

For the last four years the issue of immigration certificates to Jews has been granted according as "the economic absorptive capacity" has allowed. But that phrase means nothing to the Arab rioter, and efforts to put it into practice may be met with much more serious resistance than occurred when, for instance, in the Beersheba district of South Palestine, a police car was fired upon (May 30) and one of its occupants, a British constable, was wounded.

The shooting took place three miles north of Beersheba. And it was almost exactly at that spot, to be precise by the seventy-third kilometre stone on the Hebron - Beersheba road, that I met a

(Cont. on p. 34)

THE NEAR EAST IN THE NEWS: To the north of Palestine, scene of the Arab riots, is the French mandated territory of Syria and Lebanon, where France is considering the creation of republics, to be called "the States of the Levant," which will be granted independence largely; it is said, because they are at present costing the mother country such enormous sums to maintain. The shaded areas to the north-west represent the demilitarized "Straits" which Turkey wants to re-fortify

WORLD JEWRY'S PARLIAMENT IN THE HOLY CITY

The Home of the Zionist Executive and Its Most Treasured Possessions—Five Elaborately-bound Golden Books

THE NEW JERUSALEM: This imposing stone building on King George V Avenue, the wings of which were completed in 1934, is the headquarters of the Zionist Executive, an organisation having over a million members in various parts of the world and made up of fifty federations each engaged in some specific activity bearing upon Jewish interests in Palestine. "Indeed," writes the correspondent who sends these pictures, "it may truly be termed the Parliament of World Jewry, and its architectural style, exhibiting both modern and traditional influences, has a dignity in keeping with its importance."

ART O: THE BINDER: The cover of Golden Book No. 2 adorned with a series of raised pictorial designs representative of agricultural life and studded with rare stones. It measures 27⅞ by 20⅛ by 6¼ inches and weighs 85 lbs. On the wall above is a portrait of the late Lord Balfour who took such a keen personal interest in the question of re-establishing the Jews in Palestine, and beneath it, in a glass case, is an appropriate quotation inscribed in Hebrew: "I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem" (Ezekiel)

THE FIVE GOLDEN BOOKS: These massive volumes, bound in heavy leather and artistically chased, are the treasured possessions of the Zionist Executive and have been specially photographed for "The Sphere," whose correspondent continues: "Each work contains 5,000 entries giving the names of individuals, families, communities, and institutions who have contributed funds to the Jewish cause and, just as the books of Ezra and Nehemiah chronicled the builders of the second Jewish commonwealth so will these perpetuate the memory of those participating in the creation of the third commonwealth. The pages are of parchment of such fine texture that it is well-nigh imperishable"

THE BOARD ROOM where the chiefs of the Zionist organisation deliberate, and on the walls of which are ranged portraits of noted servants of Jewry. The long table and chairs running down the centre are of eucalyptus—an indigenous wood—while the floor tiling is also a local product

PALESTINE: LAND OF V

ON GUARD AT JERUSALEM STATION: A sergeant of a Highland regiment in charge of the men detailed off to protect travellers on arrival and departure from the Holy City Of recent weeks there have been countless acts of terrorism on the Palestine railways

PATROLLING THE HOLY CITY'S JEWISH QUARTER: A military lorry, equipped with a machine gun, on duty in the streets where there have been so many Arab demonstrations and acts of violence that a large number of Jewish families have sought new homes outside the walls. In order to cope with the whole situation in the country the garrison has been enormously strengthened, and the two battalions of infantry normally entrusted with defence have now been brought up to eight, men having been drafted from Egypt

JAFFA SPENDS A SLEEPLESS NIGHT: Houses being blown up in the old quarter in order to clear away condemned dwellings, and to make room for new roads. The demolition was carried out after curfew by the Royal Engineers, and it is estimated that the work has been beneficial in more than one way, in that many of the houses destroyed were hide-outs of agitators particularly, it seems, of those addicted to sniping

SETTING THE FUSES: Men of the Royal Engineers engaged in the clearance of Jaffa's slums. Their operations, which were directed by bugle calls, were perfectly organised and in all it was estimated that 1,000 lbs. of gelignite were used. The task of moving the debris is taking about a fortnight

DLENCE : Aspects of the Present Situation and Scenes During the Blowing Up of Jaffa's Slums

EMERGENCY MEASURES: Machine-guns, ammunition, and other supplies being loaded aboard a Vicker's Valentia 'plane of No. 216 Squadron at the Royal Air Force Station, Heliopolis, Egypt, before taking off for Palestine. The air journey of 300 miles takes only 2½ hours. *On right*—A British soldier carrying a box of high explosive to be employed in blowing up the slums of Jaffa

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VISITS THE BALFOUR FOREST ON THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON

Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wauchope (left, centre) Britain's representative in Palestine, pictured during a tour of the Balfour Forest, the beautiful stretch of woodlands in the Plain of Esdraelon, near Nazareth, which are named after the great British statesman who did so much to further the Zionist cause, and which have recently been ravaged by fire, a result of Arab incendiarism. The Arabs, who are determined to put an end to Jewish immigration, have already done an immense amount of damage and it is estimated that they have destroyed some 40,000 trees and about 2,600 acres of crops in the past six months. Recently it became necessary to employ additional severity in curbing the disorders, but the tale of death and destruction still goes on

ROUND THE WORLD

A Hollywood Director's Yacht Expedition to Take Cruise of Many Thousands of Miles from America's

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: The S.Y. *Athene*, the yacht owned by Mr. Tay Garnett, the independent Hollywood director, leaving Los Angeles harbour at the start of her world voyage, the object of which has been the photographing of backgrounds for use in pictures that are to be made in the future, and which will take the place of the usual unconvincing imitation exteriors. The *Athene*, which arrived at Brighton last week, is equipped with elaborate apparatus for developing negatives

HELMSMAN: Mr. Garnett at *Athene's* wheel during his long voyage which has taken him to Japan, Singapore, Saigon, Hong Kong, Penang, Sumatra, Bombay, and many interesting and remote parts of the earth where he was able to find fitting subjects for his cameras

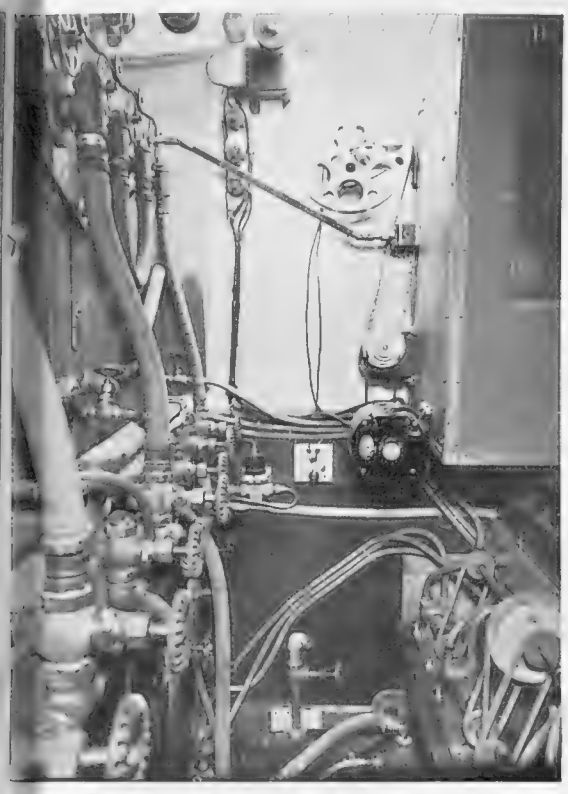
THE SKIPPER AND HIS MATE: Mr. and Mrs. Garnett pictured before setting out across the Pacific six months ago. The people of the film colony gave them a great send off

STARRY SETTING: Mr. Garnett at work in *Athene's* spacious main cabin, notabilities, many of them his personal friends. The yacht, it will be

SCREEN ASPIRANTS: Cingalese girls gathered round Mr. and Mrs. Garnett at Colombo where they made a short stay, obtaining some shots of native types, of the wonderful scenery of the Island, and of its old temples

FOR REALISM

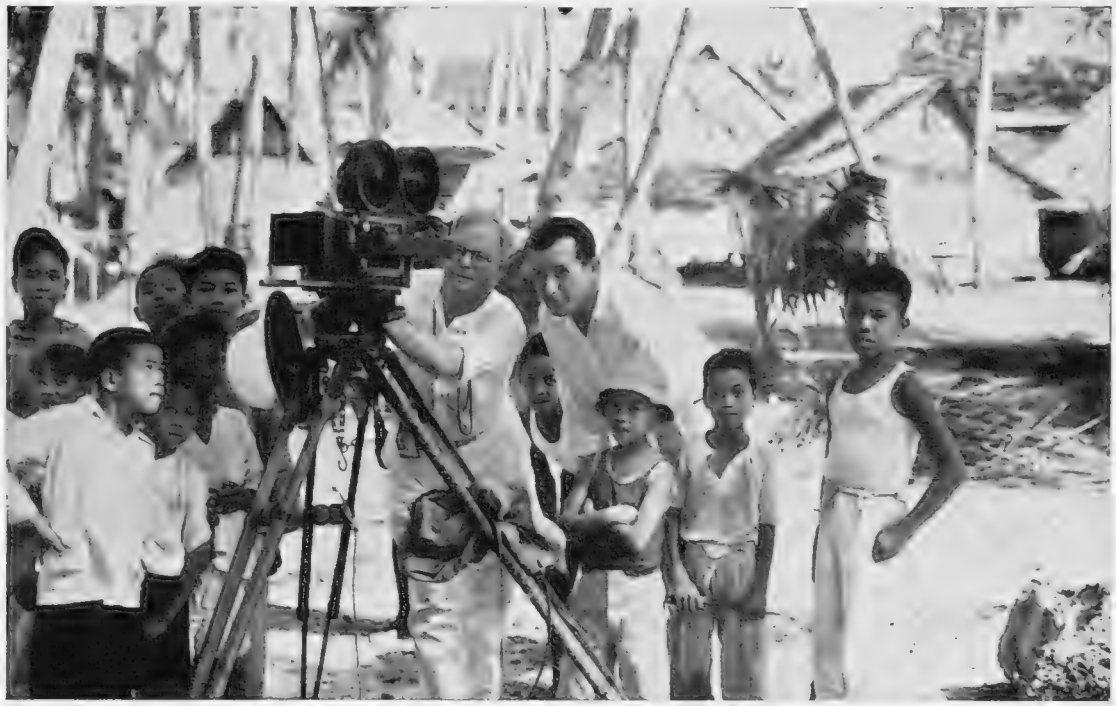
Backgrounds for Pictures—A Pioneer Pacific Coast to England via the Orient



THE LABORATORY: The cabin with apparatus for developing films taken during the trip. The setting up of this room proved a most expensive item in the preparation of *Athene* for her cruise

FILMING RIVERSIDE LIFE ON THE MEKONG, FRENCH INDO-CHINA: Mrs. Garnett, formerly Helga Moray, the South African-born stage and screen star, taking pictures from the deck. She has been acting as assistant to Mr. James B. Shackleford, chief cameraman of the expedition, and both of them have obtained some truly wonderful shots, many of which will be incorporated in *Trade Winds*, a film that will probably be completed in a British studio. Negotiations for its production were due to begin on Mr. Garnett's arrival in England

the walls of which are adorned with pictures of screen readily observed, lacks nothing on the score of comfort



PROP-SWINGING IN A MALAYAN FISHING VILLAGE: Chief cameraman James Shackleford at work on a background for the film, *Trade Winds*, while dusky native children look on with intelligent interest and his director

Hollywood could never by any stretch of the imagination be accused of stinting money on film settings, but its producers none the less exercise at times a certain financial caution in this direction, only with supposed box-office certainties being prepared, it seems, to go the whole hog by transferring cast and cameramen to remote parts of the globe to obtain authentic backgrounds. Mr. Tay Garnett, however, has no liking for painted sets and unconvincing imitation exteriors in any circumstances; hence his world voyage during which he and his assistants have obtained thousands of feet of film which will provide local colour and atmosphere for many a future production. The first results of his work will be seen in the picture *Trade Winds*, the story of a girl escaping from justice across two continents

SEEING NIPPON: Mr. Shackleford, Miss Jeanette Loft, the Hollywood vocalist, Mr. Garnett, Mrs. Garnett, and an official of Tokyo Foreign Office, who acted as their guide during their stay in Japan

MALAYAN WONDERLAND: Mr. Garnett in the Malayan fishing village where his party spent some time before sailing on to Colombo and Bombay. They were hospitably received

"QUEEN MARY'S" WAVE FORMATIONS: An aerial picture showing the extent of the wash created by her passage through the water. Forward she makes more "fuss" than the *Normandie*, but aft the sea is churned up in a strikingly regular trianqular formation indicating low friction drag

"Queen Mary" and "Normandie" Compared

The Wash and Wake of the World's Two Fastest Liners

THE two accompanying photographs showing the *Queen Mary* in line from the stern and the *Normandie* in line from the bow, should be of special interest in giving clear records of wave formation fore and aft as well as the wake produced by large fast liners.

Though there cannot be much actual difference between the wave formations of two ships so similar in size, design, and speed, still the beautifully graceful curves of the successive waves shown on either side of the *Normandie*, accentuated by the low angle of the sun in line with the ship as indicated by the long shadows cast, have their crests thrown up more in relief against the shadowed front edges.

Judging by the published photographs of the two liners under full speed conditions, the French ship seems to have a slightly finer bow wave, which may be accounted for by her somewhat finer lines forward—according to published drawings of the two ships' hulls. On the other hand, while the *Queen Mary* appears to make rather more fuss forward the streamline wave formation round her hull aftwards is less broken up.

The wake of the *Queen Mary* is rather remarkable, clearly indicating the rapid filling up and following up of the enormous volume displaced by the ship's forward movement. Wake is, generally speaking, made up of "frictional wake," due to the friction drag of the ship on the surrounding water, on which is super-imposed the "streamline wake" caused by the forward velocity of the water closing in around the stern, and again supplemented by the "wave wake."

Propeller design, in spite of thousands of experiments at enormous expense, seems to be still a rather uncertain factor, as evidenced by the necessity for the *Normandie* to change from three to four-bladed propellers. No doubt these as well as hull design have some considerable effect on this wake. In any case the two comparative illustrations will prove interesting to shipbuilders and the more technical experts.

Edwin H. Judd

TRANSATLANTIC RECORD MAKERS

Year	Ship	Nationality	Passage	Sea Miles	Time d. hr. min	Aver. Speed Knots
1909	Mauretania -	British	E. to W. (a)	2,784	4 10 51	26·06
1909	,, -	,,	W. to E. (b)	2,809	4 13 41	25·61
1929	,, -	,,	E. to W. (c)	3,162	4 21 44	26·9
1929	,, -	,,	W. to E. (c)	3,098	4 17 50	27·22
1929	Bremen (m) -	German	E. to W. (c)	—	4 17 42	27·83
1930	Europa (m) -	,,	E. to W. (c)	3,157	4 17 6	27·91
1933	Bremen -	,,	W. to E. (e)	3,200	4 16 15	28·51
1933	Rex - -	Italian	E. to W. (f)	3,181	4 13 58	28·92
1935	Normandie (m)	French	E. to W. (g)	—	4 3 14	29·53
1935	,, (m)	,,	W. to E. (h)	—	4 3 25	30·34

Notes: (m) Maiden trip. (a) Daunts Rock to Sandy Hook. (b) Sandy Hook to Daunts Rock. (c) Cherbourg—Ambrose Light-ship. (d) Ambrose Light-ship—Plymouth. (e) Ambrose Light-ship—Cherbourg. (f) Gibraltar—New York. (g) Bishop's Rock, Plymouth, to Ambrose Light-ship. (h) Ambrose Light-ship to Bishop's Rock, Plymouth.

Normandie's Maiden Voyage: 1st day, average speed, 29·76 knots, Q.M. 29·88 reported.
2nd ,, ,, 28·72 ,,
3rd ,, ,, 29·92 ,,
4th ,, ,, 32·0 ,,

Best day's run, E. to W., 754 miles at average 31·4 knots.
,, W. to E., 711 ,, 30·34 ,,

Speeds on official trials: Knots—30·154, 31·925, 32·125; on 8-hour run, 30·894 knots.

SPEED AND POWER RATIOS

A table showing the shaft horse-power necessary to drive a ship of "Queen Mary's" size at 30, 31, 32, and 33 knots

30 knots 166,000 s.h.p.
31 ,, 192,000 ,, = plus 26,000 s.h.p.
32 ,, 220,000 ,, = ,, 54,000 ,,
33 ,, 248,000 ,, = ,, 82,000 ,,

THE POETRY OF MOTION: *Normandie*, with her wash leaving her sides in a succession of beautifully graceful curves. Her knife-edge bows tend to reduce the activity forward, but the continued uncertainty regarding propeller design accounts for the formation of the wake which is rather broken up. It was recently announced by the owners that the vessel was speeding up her schedule on all crossings

TOKYO UNIVERSITY'S FAST STROKING HENLEY CREW

Ballet in Aid of Charity at Wimbledon Theatre—The Thrills of the Open Air Bathing Pool

SPEED MERCHANTS: The Japanese oarsmen from the Imperial University, Tokyo, who won the Marlow Grand Challenge Cup before going on to Henley, making their customary morning obeisance to their national flag. They have been training for the Olympic games for the past three years and have developed tremendous pace and a truly extraordinary rate of stroking

AWAITING THEIR CUE

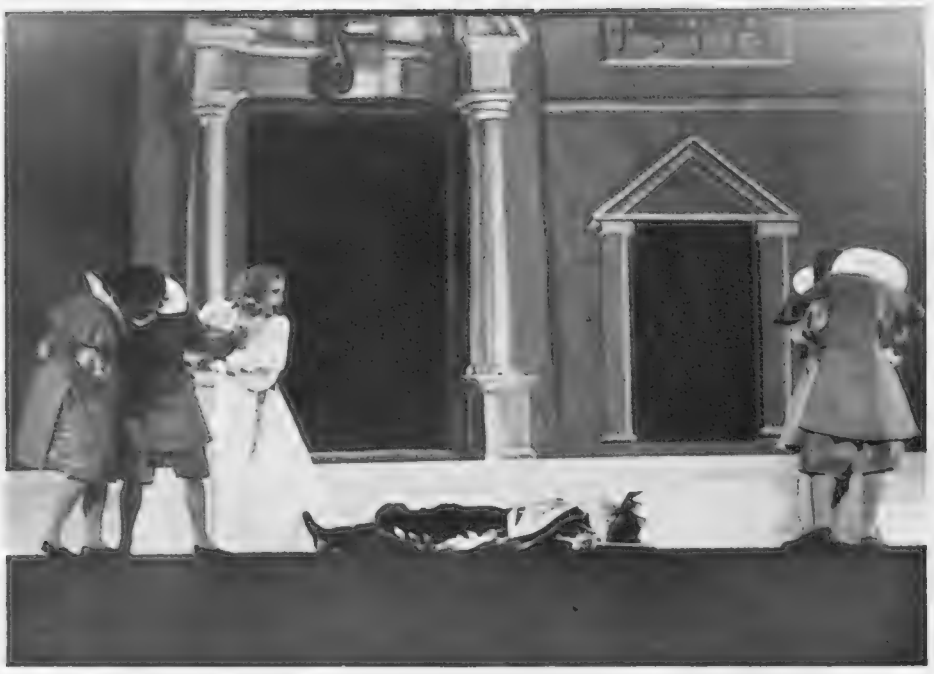
A charming study of two young ballet dancers who took part in the special performances given at Wimbledon Theatre in aid of the "Lest We Forget Association"

Two bathers about to taste the thrills of the water chute at Banstead Pool, Surrey

CLIMBING TO SLIDE

STAGE and SCREEN

Reviewed by Philip Page



CHOREOGRAPHIC TRAGI-COMEDY: Dona Elvira (Jeanne Lauret) discovers the body of her father, the Commander (Jean Yazvinsky), who has been killed in a duel with her suitor, Don Juan (Anatole Vilzak). The opening episode of Michel Fokine's new version of Gluck's *Don Juan*, the ballet which had its world première at the Alhambra Theatre last week

THE SPECTRE AT THE FEAST: The ghost of the dead Commander comes to reprove Don Juan for his dissolute life, interrupting the dinner at which the young man is entertaining the women of his choice, including the lovely Elvira who has been brought by force

"AREN'T we all?" asked Mr. Frederick Lonsdale in his comedy of that name, which was one of the best comedies he, or anyone else, ever wrote. "Aren't we all just like insects?" ask the Brothers Capek, cross-talk dramatists, in *The Insect Play*—expecting the answer "Yes."

I do not imagine that the Brothers Capek care a kopeck whether or no I give them their expected answer. But my reply to their implied question is an emphatic "No." That is not because I am by nature optimistic—any question as to personal optimism I would counter with an even more emphatic "No"—but because I dislike seeing a serious omission in any analogy.

If an analogy is not exact, why make one? Such a process (and here goes for another analogy) is like a musician writing counterpoint that does not fit. What Les Capeks have lost sight of in *The Insect Play* is that human and possibly divine quality known as altruism. Even if some of us are lower than any insect, the majority of us are sufficiently above the insect world to help each other though we may help ourselves first. There is no parallel in the insect or animal worlds to giving up one's seat in a 'bus to an old woman.

There is, however, much talk here of the "totalitarian world," or the mechanised ant-like State of relentless efficiency in which everyone is supposed to work for the common good, but gets an uncommonly bad deal out of it. When this play was first produced Soviet Russia was just beginning to get into its stride, and M. Stalin's benevolent-smile-warming-the-hearts-of-a-happy-proletariat stage was far distant. During an admittedly short visit to Russia during that earlier period I saw a closer parallel with the insect world than the Capeks have ventured to draw, since they show their insects as at least having enough to eat, even if some of them eat each other.

I doubt whether *The Insect Play* is a deliberate satire on dictatorships from either the Right or Left. The cap fits to some extent in either direction and I know in which direction the fit is the closer. It stands out as a near-masterpiece and as a sound if *macabre* entertainment quite apart from any political or economic application. The present revival at the Little Theatre seemed to me vastly more interesting than the original production at the Regent. Perhaps its message was

DON JUAN PLEADS WITH ELVIRA after the others have fled in all directions, terrified by the dread appearance of the spectre

DON JUAN DANCES WITH THE GITANA: This part of the ballet, and indeed much of the dancing is purely incidental—a decoration applied to the drama—but it is full of appeal, and aims at recreating the kind of steps visualised by Gasparo Angiolini, who was responsible for the choreography when *Don Juan* was originally produced in Vienna in the 18th century Gluck's beautiful but simple music is admirably played under the direction of Leo Hofmekleris

CONDEMNED TO THE TORTURES OF HELL: of the Commander in the cemetery, has pronounce his fate and dance round him the wild torrent of lost souls in Rubens

"The Insect Play" Provides Sound if Macabre Entertainment: Don Juan at the Alhambra

FARMERS' FRIEND: The highlight of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, the film at the New Gallery, is the scene in which Pasteur demonstrates the immunising of sheep to anthrax, saving the flocks of the Arbois region. *Left*—The doubting Paris doctor is told by a shepherd where he can find the great scientist. *Right*—Pasteur (Paul Muni, wearing panama) carries out his experiment

then before its time. It seems right on time to-day.

The Tramp - Philosopher (Mr. Edmund Willard, his old part) sees in his dream a foul world of spite and greed and lust. Altruism is, as I have said, absent. To compensate in some degree for that absence is humour—not, perhaps, a very pleasant type of humour, but still humour, without which *The Insect Play* would sink to the level of a prolonged Grand Guignol sketch. One laughs at the Beetle—a horrid creature brilliantly played by Mr. A. Bromley Davenport—and at the Female Beetle (Miss May Hallatt) and at Mr. Edmond Knight as the Parasite, with his Cockney accent and his unpleasantly realistic eructative noises. The only beauty in the play is in the lighting, unless one counts the beauty of extreme efficiency.

"Henry VIII."—I thought of *The Insect Play* as aeroplanes droned like huge bumble-bees over the "stage" of the Open-air Theatre in Regent's Park to add to the acoustic difficulties of that truly rural spot as well as to the many anxieties of Mr. Sydney Carroll. And is not King Henry VIII himself like some pompous beetle and Miss Vivien Leigh (Ann Boleyn) like a pretty butterfly—and just about as audible?

Henry VIII is not such a good play as *The Insect Play* in spite of the fact that Shakespeare wrote it, or at least some of it. Some of the later scenes in particular are said to be by another hand. Yet I feel as sure as one can be of anything that no hand but Shakespeare's could have written these lines in the last scene of all:—

> "She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her;
> Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
> And hang their heads in sorrow; good grows with her,
> In her days every man shall eat in safety
> Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours"

The wily old flatterer was writing of the infancy of one who was his Queen and patron. But the poetry of it! and the picture of an England that one is forced to think must have been more "merrie" than the England of to-day!

For all that, *Henry VIII* is, I repeat, an uneven play, and one bristling with difficulties for open-air production. The "bosky shades" of Regent's Park, and that turf stage, and those mysterious exits behind laurel bushes are all very well for *As You Like it* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* they are ill-adapted to banqueting halls and trial scenes and long farewells in a street. Only when Sir Edward German's music ushered in a touch of pageantry, and revellers revelled artily and craftily, did I feel that this was historical-pastoral rather historical-pastoral-hypothetical, with a lot to be taken for granted.

Yet on the whole Mr. Robert Atkins has served up an excellent entertainment. His grouping is good and there are some admirable performances from Mr. Lyn Harding (the King), and Miss Phyllis Neilson - Terry (Queen Katharine) "in fine frenzy rolling," Mr. Balliol Holloway (but was Wolsey quite as Uriah Heep-like as all that?) Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb, whose every word was splendidly distinct, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who squeezed every possible drop of comedy into her little scene as the Old Lady.

ENTR'ACTE: Members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company enjoying a few minutes of fresh air on the roof of Sadler's Wells Theatre, where they have just completed a series of performances. They are wearing their new costumes which have been specially designed for their coming tour of the United States; a return visit following their triumphs of 1935

Don Juan, who has kept his tryst with the statue refused to repent, so is left to the furies who with an abandon that can only be likened to *Fall of the Damned.* *(Pictures by Lancelot Vining)*

"Don Juan."—Gluck's ballet, *Don Juan*—revived or, rather, recreated at the Alhambra—has a long history and a much more respectable one than its hero. It was originally produced in 1761 in Vienna; choreography by one Angiolini, who must have been a sort of Fokine of the period.

M. Fokine has, naturally done away with 1761 and all that, and has poured into Gluck's beautiful but very simple and unambitious music his own inventions. These are in the highest degree effective, and the whole ballet is, visually, one of great beauty.

But is that music strong enough to contain such inventions? If one can clear the mind of any notion that Gluck was striving to represent, musically, a tragic and bizarre story one will probably arrive at the conclusion that his music (I am not for the moment concerned with its intrinsic beauty) is adequate. Mozart, in dealing with the same story in *Don Giovanni*, made no such attempt, and I doubt whether it would have ever occurred to either composer to make it. The beauty of their music, for they are of the same school, was a conventionalised beauty; moreover, they wrote pure music rather than "programme" music—a thing unheard in their day and undreamed of until Weber and Berlioz and certain other romantics tried their interesting pre-Wagnerian experiments.

When, therefore, the ghost of the Commander makes its awful appearance, or Don Juan himself is dragged to hell fire, one hears nothing in the way of music more terrifying than graceful little themes which might be part of one of the gay little symphonies of the period. Such a simple device as using a minor key at moments of dreadful doom is by no means always used. If Englishmen are supposed to take their pleasures sadly, Gluck and Mozart do the converse, and take their sorrows gaily. It would not have struck them to do otherwise.

But if one cannot get right into their idiom and appreciate it, the flavour of a Gluck ballet, or even, for that matter, a Mozart opera, is apt to pall after a while just because that flavour never changes. I think, therefore, it was a pity to follow up *Don Juan* with the Mozartian *L'Epreuve d'Amour;* this was rather as if at a dinner the same course had been served twice over.

The famous story is followed fairly closely and involves, on the part of the protagonists, more miming than actual dancing. We see the duel with the Commander, who is killed by Don Juan, the Commander's love-stricken and grief-stricken daughter (here by a strange twist, called Elvira), the appearance of the slain man "all gashly whoite," like the grey mare in "Widdicombe Fair," at Don Juan's banquet, and the Don's final descent into Hell.

The more important dancing is purely decorative rather than interpretative. Indeed, the *décor* is all-important, from the Velasquez costumes to the Aubrey Beardsleyish instruments of the stage musicians.

M. Vilzak made a dashing and picturesque Don, though his alleged "orgy" was as mild a meal as Sunday lunch at the Vicarage. Mlle Lauret was graceful as Elvira—she has little chance to show her prowess—and one of the few concessions to a Spanish story was the gipsyish dance of Mme Ruanova.

SHOWS TO SEE

ALHAMBRA: *Ballets de Monte Carlo*

ALDWYCH: Mary Clare in *After October*

COVENT GARDEN: De Basil's *Ballets Russes*

GARRICK: *Storm in a Teacup*

PLAYHOUSE: Nancy Price in *Whitcoaks*

ST. JAMES'S: Celia Johnson in *Pride and Prejudice*

STRAND: Robertson Hare in *Aren't Men Beasts!*

WYNDHAM'S: *Three Men on a Horse*

The HAY WAY

An American Doctor Captures World Interest with His Plan for Intelligent Eating — Some Details of the New Diet Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT: Dr. Hay's fool-proof meal chart above the range in the kitchen of a West End private house. The chart is easy to follow and gives details of all foods that may be served together with advantage and without in any way taxing the digestion

EVER since the late William Banting of Kensington, who flourished between 1796 and 1878, practised a method of curing corpulency to which he gave his name, there has been a cycle of different diets. One can go back even further to Lord Byron, who concocted a horrible theory that potatoes and vinegar were good both for the health and the girth. But merely since the war there have been a number of variations on Banting. You may remember a few years ago how almost everyone talked about calories and vitamin A and vitamin B. Expert dietetists worked out that navvies needed twice as many calories as a bank clerk, and so on. They told you that so much chocolate was equal to a steak. More recently came the eighteen-day diet, and all sorts of people subsisted largely on pineapples and spinach. In addition to this, thousands upon thousands of diet charts had been issued by the hospitals of this country. At the London alone they estimate that more than 20 tons of human East End flesh have been removed in this way.

GIVING NEW HOPE TO THE FAT AND THE LEAN: Dr. William Howard Hay, M.D., author of the new system that has achieved such sudden popularity and which aims at producing normality of figure

The latest and most intelligent is the Hay Diet. This has nothing to do with Nebuchadnezzar. It is a formula worked out by an American doctor, William Howard Hay, and is based on the common sense idea that just as it is unwise to eat, let us say, a fricassee of lobster and treacle pudding, so it is unwise to mix certain other food-stuffs which react upon each other in the human stomach. In the brief period since it was inaugurated in the United States, over 3,000,000 people have adopted Dr. Hay's diet. Many Hollywood film stars, directors, and producers take it. In the film *The ex-Mrs. Bradford* at the Carlton, one of the characters makes a reference to the Hay Diet. The first man to announce himself as a follower of the Hay Diet was Samuel Goldwyn himself. That was about three months ago. Today there are five different publications on the Hay Diet sold in this country, as well as a chart.

ONE of our national Sunday newspapers has been smart enough to capitalise the intense public interest in the Hay Diet by serialising it. Another national daily has instructed a woman reporter to tell day by day what happens when you follow the Diet for a fortnight. The publishers of these diet books do not wish to disclose actual sales, but I know for a fact that they run into very many thousands in less than a month. Hotels and restaurants are also exploiting the Hay System. At the Dorchester, for example, you are given about fifty dishes from which to choose, together with suggested menus.

But at this point perhaps I should explain what the Hay Diet is all about. Its sponsors claim, quite rightly, that there is nothing "cranky" or "faddy" about the system. It is based on a common-sense perception of the powers and limitations of the normal human digestive apparatus. That is to say that certain foods classed as proteins (meat, fish, eggs, cheese, for example) are digested in an acid medium; other foods classed as carbo-hydrates (starchy foods, sugars, and so forth) are digested in an alkaline medium. The human digestive tract is capable of dealing with either, but the most elementary chemistry shows (according to Dr. Hay) that it cannot deal with both at the same time owing to the interaction of acid and alkali. Taking it a step further, the theory is that if you eat incompatible foods the result will be discomfort.

DR. HAY, who is expected to make a "personal appearance" over here in the next few days, and may indeed have arrived by the time these words appear, says that he cured himself of Bright's disease and high blood pressure by concentrating on correct nutrition. He decided that exercise, sun, fresh air, deep breathing, and bathing did not matter if he could not assimilate his food properly. In three months his weight came down from 225 lbs. to 175 lbs. It must be pointed out at once, however, that his system does not necessarily mean that you will lose weight. On the contrary, it is claimed that if you are too thin you will put on weight to the extent of exact normality, and without any disagreeable sacrifice in the satisfaction of your appetite. Dr. Hay asserts that obesity and abnormal thinness are both due to wrong feeding.

The extent of the craze in London particularly is quite evident at private luncheon and dinner parties. Guests pull out their little pocket guide and either accept or refuse dishes according to printed instruction.

THE HAM SANDWICH IN ECLIPSE: The meat, with its concentrated proteins, and the bread, with its concentrated starches, are said to combine together to form acid in the system and thus have no place in Dr. Hay's scheme for eating

Meantime, here is the Hay System menu lent to me by the Dorchester Hotel:—

Column 1 Proteins	Column 2 Base-forming (Alkaline)	Column 3 Starches (Carbo-hydrates)
Soups based on meat:	*Vegetable Soups:*	Whole grain bread
Petite marmite	Asparagus	Crème St. Germain
Croûte au pot	Beet soup	Veloute Argenteuil
Madrilene (hot or in jelly)	Celery	Macaroni
Eggs:	Celery and carrot	Spaghetti
Omelettes variées	Cream and mushrooms	Noodles
Forestière	Cream of tomato	Maize and cream
Mushrooms, etc.	Onion soup	Haricots blancs cassoulet
Œuf plat Bercy	Carbure printanier	Baked potatoes (white)
Œuf poche Benedictine	Purée of carrots	Artichokes on wheaten toast
Fish:	Vegetable yeast bouillon	Baked brown rice
Filet de sole à la russe	*Green and Root Vegetables (grilled, baked, or steamed):*	Vegetable chowder
Grilled salmon	Carrots	Curried vegetables with rice
Turbot Héloise	Turnips	Mushrooms on wheaten toast
Meat:	Cabbage	Custard pudding
Fillet of beef	Green beans	Rice impératrice
Bordelaise or grilled nature	Cauliflower	Compôte of figs
Côte d'agneau boucchère	Celery	Banana Chantilly
Scallop of veal	Leeks	Dates, raisins
Chasseur or grilled nature	Green peas	Assorted ice creams
Fowl—game:	Spinach, etc.	Waffles
Poussin californien	*Salads (vegetable, fruit, or combined):*	
Surrey fowl casserole	Green salad	
Quail Veronique	Tomato salad	
Cold meats:	Beet	
Jambon d'York	Cucumber	
Poulet	Cress	
Côte de bœuf	Lettuce	
Langue de bœuf	Chicory	
Côte d'agneau	Fresh fruits	
Cheese:		
All kinds (not to be combined with starches)		

NOTE.—The items of Column 1, but of which it is better to choose one only, may be combined with those of Column 2. The items of Column 3, of which two at most should be chosen, may also be combined with those of Column 2, but the items of Column 1 and 3 should on no account be combined. Three starch meals per week are enough for sedentary adults, and of the rest four only should be protein. It is better that the larger proportion of one's weekly meals should be alkaline. Do not eat bread or biscuits with protein or alkaline meals.

LUNCHEONS

Column 1 Protein	Column 2 Alkaline	Column 3 Starch
Strawberry cocktail	Tomato juice	Crème St. Germain
York ham with lettuce and tomato salad	Cauliflower with butter and parsley dressing	Artichokes on wheaten toast
Jellied mayonnaise	Casserole of vegetables	Steamed carrots
Celery and radishes	Cherry and pear salad	Baked eggplant
Fruit salad	Frozen cream dressing	Cabbage and celery salad
		Bananas with cream

DINNERS

Vegetable yeast bouillon	Mushroom soup	Veloute d'asperges
Cote d'agneau, new peas and creamed carrots	Steamed peas and turnips	Baked potato stuffed with creamed mushrooms
Salad to choice	Asparagus, butter dressing	Steamed cabbage
Fresh fruit	Green salad	Green peas
	Fruit ice	Salad of lettuce and celery
		Compôte of figs

(Continued on page 37)

HAY DIET AT THE DORCHESTER: An array of delicacies prepared in the kitchens of Park Lane's fashionable hotel in accordance with the American doctor's plan and in response to the requests of patrons. Charles Graves, who has made a study of the subject, says in the accompanying article: "Of the dozens of people I know who are taking the diet, no one denies that it is making him feel younger, healthier, and more energetic than ever before"

DOWN on the FARM

Summer Days in Rural England

Joan Lyne

"TILL NOON BURNS WITH ITS BLISTERING BREATH AROUND, AND DAY LIES STILL AS DEATH": The cattle seek the cool shallows of the River Teme, there to pass the time in sleepy contentment, screened from the sun's glare by overhanging boughs

FANCY MEETING YOU! The farmer's infant son comes face to face with Mrs. Cow, who (*below*) is evidently indicating to him that he had better get back to his mother

A FRIEND IN NEED: Nine motherless lambs, who refuse to be bottle-fed, have been adopted, entirely on her own accord, by this half-bred Jersey cow who is "mothering" them on a farm at Doddinghurst, Essex

On right — AN EARLY HAY HARVEST IN KENT: A farm near Farningham where a tractor is used for hauling the loaded waggons to the stacks

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

An American Master of the Short Story Form : A Fine Novel of Back-Stage Life

THE ordinary reader, that is to say the library subscriber, the man in the street, in fact the large majority of people who make books into best-sellers, have many obstacles to surmount when tackling a new novel by Mr. Aldous Huxley. In the first place Mr. Huxley has an encyclopædic mind, and an uncomfortable habit of introducing out-of-the-way information into the slightest of situations. This may flatter some readers until they reach the point when they can deceive themselves no longer, and are driven, even as are crossword puzzlers, to dictionaries and books of reference.

This is very good for everyone, and nobody but a nitwit would resent it. Similarly Mr. Huxley seldom writes a novel without a purpose? call it propaganda if you like, and if you dare to condemn a novelist on that ground you must also include some great classics of fiction, and with them Dickens.

In **EYELESS IN GAZA** (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) Mr. Huxley presents the reader with yet another obstacle, for the life of his central character is divided into four epochs, so that an event in 1933 may closely be followed by something which happened in 1902. An attempt is made to prove that this is the flash-back method of the cinema, a trick which has been tried unsuccessfully upon the stage and bears very little resemblance to the model in this form. Yet because certain conventions of form and method in the novel have been erected I see no reason why they should be regarded with superstitious reverence and considered to be immutable.

It is perfectly obvious that the story of Anthony Beavis gains in the author's purpose from his habit of seeking formative influences from a dramatisation of effect before examining the cause. It is also obvious that the reader who expects a conventional story will be disconcerted thereby. The test is that in spite of one's plungings backwards and forwards, to pick up threads and characters and situations half-forgotten, one has to admit to a mental stimulus, and even excitement, from the reading of this book.

Since I am deliberately reviewing it for the ordinary man, I had better state, if I have not already made it abundantly clear, that this is not an easy book to read. It is a very easy book to dip into, for Mr. Aldous Huxley has every gift a good novelist should have, and one page whets the appetite for another and another. Personally, I do not think that the author's experiment in construction is successful; moreover, it leads him into a few errors in passing judgment, as for instance upon the poetry of Edward Thomas. Nevertheless, I hold that Mr. Huxley is entitled to his brave new experiment since in spite of it he has produced his finest novel and the most provocative moral thesis of his generation.

Many years ago the late Sir Edmund Gosse, writing of a book which has since become a classic, observed that: "In the wilderness of deciduous trash published in the name of fiction, this book shines as a beacon of pure literature," a sentiment which seems terribly apt in the present circumstance.

Even in America, where there is a dexterous technique of short story writing that would put most European authors to the blush, there are few better masters of the form than Mr. Erskine Caldwell. In **KNEEL TO THE RISING SUN** (Secker. 7s. 6d.), he proves his literary skill again, and very little else. The technique of direct presentation with which he is so completely at home, is there and at its best. Every word is necessary, every minor action has the almost unreal clarity and significance of things outlined against a stormy, yellow sky. His writing is completely objective, and, from the point of view of style, completely satisfying.

Where one might be tempted to cavil is at Mr. Caldwell's choice of subject. He deals, as we are accustomed to expect, with the "poor whites" of the Southern United States, and each story exposes another facet of the bitter, ugly, violent life that seems to be their lot. Even the extreme and hopeless poverty and ignorance of these people are less shocking than the brutality which their life forces on them.

Except for one or two stories, such as the one about the man who was never a success because he never looked like the thing he was going to sell, the stories are uniformly unhappy, or, worse than that, sordid to a point where they are unforgettable. They demand reading though. However narrow the world of which he chooses to write,

GLADSTONE AT TWENTY-FIVE: This portrait of the great statesman, dating from his first years as M.P. for Newark, appears in *The Grand Old Man*, the biography by George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep which has just been published by Methuen

Mr. Erskine Caldwell can give an incomparable picture of a corner of the American scene, and nothing he produces is negligible.

When an author thinks of an amusing title, and illustrates it by designing the wrapper for his own book, one must applaud his originality, even if the title and the design have no more relation to the contents of the book than the label on a *surréaliste* picture.

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is a novel of the theatre, dealing, in a finely exclusive spirit, only with the real behind-the-scenes life of the stage. In this life audiences are of no importance, and are only referred to occasionally with degrees of optimism or dejection as "box office." The active theatre world is made up of agents, fat un-English and cigar-smoking, playwrights, young and ambitious, actors, cynical, sentimental and far more ambitious, and backers, rich, eccentric and vulgar.

With these characters, all sharply defined and credible enough if one constantly bears in mind that tag about fact and fiction, Mr. Langley has assembled an amusing and pleasantly familiar story, and has enlivened it with one or two genuinely comic situations. Wit is the rarest blessing in the world, and I am not, at least on the showing of this book, going to attribute it to Mr. Langley, but there is a quality in his writing which is almost as welcome, and that is his ability to write really funny lines. Funny that is, in the same sense as Wodehouse is funny, though not in the same idiom, or with the same wholeheartedness.

"It was to be a trumpeting bellow of indictment, a hurricane of exposure," explains the author, "a bombshell, it was to be tinged with bitter, brittle wit and hard philosophy." It has turned out to be an extremely readable book, with at least six good laughs in it. And six is a lot in these sober days.

Whether one believes, or likes to believe, in the probability of Mr. Flossie Carter's disastrous party, one must admit that it is an excellent picture of what one could call without offence "a rather special type of people."

"All my life," writes Sir Chartres Biron, "I have been the victim of a singular indolence," but by the time we read that sentence in the last chapter of his autobiography we find it so completely disproved that it has the significance only of a charming, donnish joke.

There is nothing singularly indolent in the life he records in **WITHOUT PREJUDICE** (Faber. 15s.), which includes nearly thirty years as a Metropolitan magistrate, and a beginning in Horace Avory's chambers (where I'll wager he spent no drowsy noons, nor evenings steeped in honeyed indolence) as long ago as 1886. He begins these full and varied reminiscences with a chapter on the text that nowadays it is the fashion among the moderns to decry the Victorian era—"One can detect only too plainly the inferiority complex of a disgruntled generation."

There follows the usual affectionate eulogy of the old school which is as inseparable from the memoirs of old Etonians as the tie is apparently from their necks. Very naturally also there is a great deal about lawyers and the law; about famous judges, advocates and, since Sir Chartres practised in those courts, about famous criminals and their trials. Yet it is not all law, for the author is also a man of letters, devoted to the arts as well as to his clubs, and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Thus we learn that his racing was done largely with Sir Thomas Lipton, that "all my life I have had an unbounded admiration for the novels of Miss Rhoda Broughton. This I was gratified to find was shared by Sir James Barrie," and that, as far as crime is concerned, "the danger nowadays is not excessive, but inadequate, punishment."

To the lay mind one of the most interesting chapters in Sir Chartres Biron's book is that on Horatio Bottomley, which is in some contrast to the air of legal calm and pleasant reminiscence which pervades the rest of this well-stocked book.

It seems only the other day that Mr. Geoffrey Gorer was delighting us with his adventures in Bali and Angkor. Here, we said, and I find it confirmed on the back of the wrapper of his new book **NOBODY TALKS POLITICS** (Joseph. 8s. 6d.), is a young man with a sense of humour who writes vigorously and whose views are unorthodox. It is with particular pleasure therefore that we find Mr. Gorer turning his robust wit to an imaginary land peopled by head-hunting Fascists, journeying across the arid desert of Communism (without a single drink), and exploring the strange rites and marriage customs of the Labourites and the extraordinary beliefs of the credit cranks.

In other words, this is a satire, and the only fault I have to find with it as such is that it so closely resembles the original as to be indistinguishable from it. As a pedantic young Communist pointed out to me, a person satirised should himself be able to see the point—that is why satire usually takes the form of an allegory, *Erewhon* for instance, and he went on to explain that "to say that a Communist considers members of the Labour party are Social-fascists will not appear ridiculous to a Communist though it will appear ludicrous to anyone else."

So that in spite of the fact that Mr. Gorer may cause no great gusts of laughter from the staffs of the *Blackshirt* or the *Daily Worker*, and that members of the Red October Club may condemn his book as bad satire, or even in bad taste, most of us will roar with laughter all the way through it, even up to the appendix, which contains case histories of such diverse persons as "the celebrated buffoon" Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Wyndham Lewis "a clinical specimen," that old Marx-hater Mr. H. G. Wells and so on.

Two books for experts are **SNOW STRUCTURE AND SKI FIELDS** by Mr. G. Seligman (Macmillan. 25s.), and **COLOUR CINEMATOGRAPHY** by Major A. B. Klein (Chapman and Hall. 25s.). The former has some very remarkable and quite beautiful photographs, while the latter is plentifully diagrammed and illustrated upon almost every page.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LONGMANS.—MISS LINSEY AND PA. By Stella Gibbons. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE IN WESTERN CIVILISATION. By Edward Westermarck. 12s. 6d. THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION. By Sir James George Frazer. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. OLD KING COLE. By Edward Shanks. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—DRAGONS AT DAYBREAK. By James Cleugh. 7s. 6d. TRAGEDY AT WEMBLEY. By Cecil Freeman Gregg. 7s. 6d. D. APPLETON CENTURY COMPANY.—THE WORLD OVER. By Edith Wharton. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—THE DOGS DO BARK. By Ian Hay Jerrold. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—STUDS LONIGAN. By James T. Farrell. 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—LOVE IS TOO YOUNG. By Isobel Macdonald. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—SANFELICE. By Vincent Sheehan. 8s. 6d. LABBY: The Life and Character of Henry Labouchere. By Hesketh Pearson. 10s. 6d. THE FORTUNES OF HARRIETTE: The Surprising Career of Harriette Wilson. By Angela Thirkell. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN MILES.—THE BAD COMPANIONS. By Maurice L. Richardson. 7s. 6d. ALDEN PRESS.—WE BUILT A HOME. By Dora J. Owen. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—AMERICA AFTER SIXTY YEARS! THE Travel Diaries of Two Generations of Englishmen. By M. Philips Rice. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. ANGUS & ROBERTSON.—OCEAN ISLAND AND NAURU, THEIR STORY. By Albert F. Ellis. Foreword by the Right Hon. S. M. Bruce. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. LETTERS FROM ROME: An Australian's View of the Italo-Abyssinian Question. By H. M. Moran. 1s. ARCHITECTURAL PRESS.—DORSET SHELL GUIDE. Compiled and written by Paul Nash. 2s. 6d. SOMERSET SHELL GUIDE. By C. H. B. and Peter Quennell. 2s. 6d. BATSFORD.—SPEED ON SALT: A History of the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, U.S.A. By George Eyston and W. F. Bradley. Foreword by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Illustrated. 5s.

SUMMER BEAUTY

Hair Must Shine in the Sun and Face Must Not

ON the whole it is easier to win a reputation for beauty in the summer than at any other time, for one has only to look cool, and that in itself is almost sufficient.

The great secret, of course, is to use as little make-up as possible, but that little must be carefully planned.

It is advisable, in hot weather, to use less cream than usual, unless one's skin is exceptionally dry; and when one has used it, to remove it quickly and entirely. If cream is used a quick wash with warm water and a pure soap is an excellent plan. Otherwise it is generally better to rely only on a good cleansing lotion. In either case pat a mild astringent into the skin before applying any make-up.

A great deal depends, of course, on whether one wishes to remain fair or to go brown, since in these days either course is open to one without the slightest difficulty. Let us suppose, first, that one is staying in town, and that one does not want to get any darker. Smooth lightly and evenly over your face and neck a good powder foundation or liquid powder. The most admired type of make-up today is one that has an almost transparent look, for it is extraordinarily young in effect, and in some mysterious way it remains flawless and practically does away with any need for re-powdering. It is achieved by two special powders used together. The first has an ingredient which makes it adhere marvellously, and gives an even tone to the skin correcting any defects in colouring. The second powder is a lighter shade, and it is this which causes the fascinating translucence.

If one is going away to the sea three courses are open. One can look brown without going brown: one can tan lightly: or one can achieve, without burning, the wonderful bronze of a young athlete. In the first case you use a waterproof cream which is made in several shades, and which, when it is removed with soap and water, leaves the skin unblemished: in the second, one uses another type of cream which permits one to tan delicately without burning. And in the third instance one goes in for a special oil which encourages a lovely even bronze without any preliminary redness or discomfort.

Lipsticks should be bright and gay when the skin is brown, and softly pink when the complexion is fair. Anything else looks too heavy on a hot day, when rouge should always be used most sparingly.

All too often holidays mean that one is in a quandary about one's hair. The real secret, of course, is to have it cleverly cut in the first instance, and to find somebody who will create a coiffure specially for you. Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W., specialises in this, and if you explain to them just what you really want they will, with the greatest artistry, evolve a type of hairdressing that will make you the envy of your friends without giving you any trouble at all.

Two of Emile's lovely hair-dressings are sketched on this page. Each shows the new upward-sweeping trend, and in both the hair is smooth and burnished across the top of the head, with the ends brushed up in loose curls. They may look rather elaborate for carefree holidays, but in point of fact you could quite easily keep them in order, because the hair is so cleverly tapered that the curls fall back into place of their own volition. In any case it is a simple matter to have them permanently waved. At Emile's experts will decide for you whether the steam, oil, or sachet principles should be applied and, having created your own special coiffure will ensure its lasting success by their principal of point-winding or mixed-winding—which means that each section of the hair will be treated according to the way in which it is to be arranged.

Certain it is that you must have curls. Emile will see that they are light and youthful, for nothing is less attractive than heavy-handed curls set with wooden precision.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

The Riley "Adelphi" Saloon on Test—A New M.G. is Born—A Description of the 14–56-h.p. Wolseley

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: Workmen repaving and widening the road to Seathwaite, which was formerly very narrow and rough, in preparation for the summer invasion of motorists

I THINK I used to see on Riley catalogues the slogan "As old as the industry, as new as the hour." Whether I did or not matters little because the words are truly applicable to the Riley six-cylinder Adelphi saloon which I recently tested. In driving the car I was conscious all the time that the nicety of control and the general good behaviour of the car were the result of infinite experience which could only be accumulated during the passage of many many years. At the same time there was evidence all round that design and equipment were not only up to date but, if anything, ahead of the times.

I cannot pretend that the Riley is what is popularly known as a cheap motor car, and I use the word "cheap" as indicating low price. It is a car, however, which has great character and gives real fun to drive. I cannot recall any other car that has greater personality and this personality makes itself apparent very soon after the driver sits behind the wheel for the first time. The buyer has to pay to obtain that personality but I know full well that the money asked is well spent and its disbursement is never regretted. After all, there really is not much interest in driving, what I might call, a humdrum car from London to Devonshire. In such cases the car is merely a means of transport. Do the journey in a Riley, or other car which has a personality, and every mile is a joy.

Judging by the number of Rileys I see on the road there are a very satisfying number of sensible people in the ranks of motorists who prefer to pay just that little extra which makes them the possessor of something just a little different. I have been told that once a Riley owner always a Riley owner, and certainly from my short experience with the latest six-cylinder Adelphi Riley saloon I am quite prepared to accept that statement in toto.

This Riley car has a very smooth-running six-cylinder engine, and although it is rated at only 14·2 h.p. it gives the car a marvellous performance. So far as I could observe it was dead smooth throughout its entire range of revolutions. It was an easy starter, and although I did not make exact calculations my observations told me that it was economical on petrol. No doubt a lot of care has been taken in the design and in the manufacture of the engine, and the result is certainly satisfying. The gear-box is that known as the "Pre-selectagear" which, in conjunction with the Riley automatic clutch, gives a gear control that the biggest fool in the world could operate without making a noise. The control is mounted on the steering column just below the wheel and can be operated by the driver's right hand without removing it from the steering wheel. With this control lever gears can be pre-selected, and there is no danger of missing a change or of damaging the transmission. As the catalogue truly states, it is a gear-box that makes the novice an expert and enables even the expert to obtain better performance. The Riley automatic clutch works well, and in action allows the car to be brought to a standstill without withdrawing the clutch. In traffic this is a great boon, and I was very pleased to note that even with the car in gear and the engine ticking over there was no tendency for the car to creep forward.

The steering and brakes are without criticism, and are both up to that standard which is usually associated with cars emanating from a factory which possesses racing experience. Road-holding and suspension were likewise beyond criticism, and the coachwork is pleasing to look at, comfortable to ride in, and I should think easy to maintain.

With the help of the gear-box and automatic clutch, very good acceleration is obtainable. As regards all-out speed, I cannot give an exact figure, but on two occasions during my short trip the speedometer needle went past the 72 m.p.h. mark. I don't know how much further it would go, but I can state quite definitely that at 72 the car was rock-steady and the engine was figuratively purring with delight.

SUMMER BLOSSOM: The lanes and by-ways of Kent are fragrant with bloom, and touring them in a Riley Kestrel is an added joy

It gives me very great pleasure to announce that a new M.G. has been born. It is known as the M.G. Midget Series T, and as might be expected it is a direct descendant of the other M.G. Midgets which have gone before. Good as the past models have been I feel quite safe in saying that this latest creation is going to be better. That great and enthusiastic band of sports car owners have now something which they will talk about and discuss for months to come. There are not many manufacturers in this country who have had much experience in the production of a really fast small sports car, but amongst those who have the name of the M.G. Car Co., Ltd. stands very high, and it is therefore not without reason that the introduction of a new genuine sports model, such as they have now produced, creates a stir. The new Midget is offered for sale as a two-seater only and, although I have not seen one as it were, in the flesh, the illustrations which I have glanced at make me feel impatient to take one of these new cars out on the road and test it.

This Midget is larger than its predecessors for as the old one had 8-h.p. engines the latest model has a 10-h.p. power unit. The chassis is distinctly stronger but in general follows the previous design. The side-members of the frame are now of box section which adds immensely to the rigidity of the whole chassis. When one remembers that a keen M.G. owner frequently takes his car over the roughest of tracks in competitions which are planned to bring the competitors to a standstill if possible, this strengthening up of the chassis will be appreciated. Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes are now standard. As the car is essentially a sports model a fifteen-gallon petrol tank is fitted and prospective owners will rejoice in this provision because it will enable them to cover four or five hundred miles without refueling.

The manufacturers have made a very strenuous effort and I think a very successful one in giving this new M.G. Midget a truly all-weather equipment. When not in use the hood and side curtains fold away neatly. The general specification includes single plate clutch, running in oil, four-speed gear-box with remote control, a Burgess silencer, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, adjustable steering column, 12-volt lighting set, 30 m.p.h. warning light, and a wide choice of colours for the body. The engine has three main bearings, aluminium alloy pistons, overhead valves operated by pushrods, 14 mm. plugs, 1½ gallon oil sump, two S.U. semi-down-draught carburettors. I do not need to claim prophetic powers when I venture the opinion that this new Midget is going to be immensely popular.

A new 14–56-h.p. Wolselev car has just made its bow to the public and, as one might expect, this new model is full of interest. The first point I like about the specification is that the car incorporates what is virtually an air-conditioning system. The body is designed so that when travelling at 30 m.p.h. the 75 cubic ft. of air that it contains is changed at least once a minute. In addition the engine has a fume-consuming device by which it sucks all smelly odours back into itself through the carburettor. In the ordinary way the occupants of a car may not be aware that they are sitting in a vitiated atmosphere, but bad ventilation is undoubtedly the chief cause of premature fatigue and drowsiness. This new 14–56-h.p. Wolseley is a real 70 m.p.h. car which offers most comfortable accommodation for five people, and gives the owner what I might call distinctive motoring at the low price of £265. Particular attention has been paid in the design in order to afford the driver the maximum amount of visibility.

WHERE FOUR ARTERIAL ROADS MEET: This road junction in West London near Hounslow must surely be the busiest cross-roads in England. Top left, the Great West Road runs into London; bottom left, the Bath Road begins; bottom right is the road to Staines, while top right is the road to Hounslow and Brentford. This aerial view was taken when traffic was by no means at its heaviest

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

JABBERWOCKY
RE-VERSED

(with thanxome acknowlogies to Lewis Carroll and the English Language)

'Twas grillig, and the City coves
Did scrum and scramble on the pave;
All grimsy were the shopper-droves
In the throat-parched heat-wave.

"Beware of Summer-flop, my son,
The head that aches, the limbs that flag!
Beware of Job-job boredom! Shun
The gloomious Plodder-fag!"

He took his fountain-pen in hand;
Long time he toiled, achieving nought—
Then rested he (and the Secra-tree)
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in puffish thought he sat,
The Summer-flop, observed by none,
Snalked in, and would have knocked him flat—
But then the clock struck one!

Oh welcome chime! 'Tis Guinness time!
His thirsty lips went smicker-smack!
His languor fled, and clear in head,
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou vanquished Summer-flop?
My son, you know what's good for you!
Oh glorjous draught!" He leapt, he laughed:
"Give me a Guinness, too!"

G.E.569

THE NAVY LOOKS TO THE AIR

(Continued from page 10)

have hitherto decided against interference with the Royal Air Force.

The wasteful war-time competition between the naval and military air services for personnel and equipment, and lack of co-ordination in their operational application led to the formation on April 1, 1918, of the Royal Air Force to unite the whole of the country's air strength under single control.

With the increase of importance of naval flying the Fleet Air Arm was established. Some degree of divided control was necessary, for it was logical that the Navy should control the aircraft embarked in its ships for work with the fleet. To-day the Navy provides 70 per cent. of the pilots and all the observers for the Fleet Air Arm and controls all its machines while they are serving afloat. The Air Ministry trains the pilots and observers and controls the aircraft when they are based ashore, and is responsible for supplying the equipment of the Fleet Air Arm to suit naval requirements.

The Navy dislikes this dual control and complains that the conditions of service are unsatisfactory and discourage the best type of personnel from offering to serve in the Fleet Air Arm. Sir Thomas Inskip has announced that he is enquiring into certain matters such as supply of personnel, periods of service, and provision of reserves, but he has so far refused to be drawn on the larger question of the complete transfer of the Fleet Air Arm to the Admiralty. But his announcement is being used as a chance to insert the thin edge of the wedge and a great deal of propaganda is being carried on behind the scenes in an attempt to force a decision that the Admiralty should have a separate Naval Air Service.

The years which have passed since the war have dimmed the recollection of the wasteful competition between the two services in relation to their air arms and the non-cooperation which originally induced the formation of the Air Ministry and the Royal Air Force. The friction and loss of efficiency which are likely to exist when Navy and Army have their own separate air arms have an example in the United States to-day.

Complaints of the friction which our present system produces are probably greatly exaggerated, but the present campaign will certainly increase and produce trouble just at the moment when close co-operation is most needed.

C. D. Palmer

JEWISH PROGRESS

(Continued from page 18)

young Bedouin Arab who had invited me to stay with his family in the black tents of his father, Sheikh Hassan, Chief of the Tayaha tribe.

CONTINUATIONS

While in Jerusalem some days previously I had heard the story of an unscrupulous agent who urged Arabs to part with their land with the advice: "Never mind the Jew. He will give you a good price. He will develop the land. And then, if it should come to a fight—well it is not like a Bedouin to lose."

Naturally this argument has no appeal to the vast majority of Arabs. The educated *effendi*, or townsman, is more concerned with the facts, as, for instance, that Jewish land purchases in 1934 amounted to 28,000 acres, while the crop from the well-irrigated and scientifically treated Jewish orange groves was over 50 per cent of the seven million cases seasonably exported from Jaffa.

But it was of interest to see how the nomad Bedouins, the fighting stock of South Palestine, said to be open to these arguments of dishonest land agents, really lived. So with Izzat Atawneh and his Bedouin friends I was able to spend some nights in the black tents and to meet Sheikh Hassan, Chief of the Tavaha tribe.

The Sheikh was a venerable old Arab of perhaps sixty. His short white beard and fine brow marked him as one of the feudal aristocrats of the deserts. So he was, though in the absence of census figures it is doubtful if Izzat's estimate was correct and the members of his tribe numbered anything like 50,000. Wearing a long purple gown like a priest's cassock and an *'aba*, or dust mantle, thrown over his shoulders, the Sheikh sat in a squatting position at the head of the tent. The leather pouches on his belt were stuffed with rifle bullets. This, explained Izzat, who had learnt some English at the Government-Arab College in Jerusalem, was in accordance with a regulation by which chiefs of tribes were allowed to carry rifles.

Sheikh Hassan called for coffee and it was handed round by a coal-black Nubian who had been brought to Palestine as a slave in the time of the Turkish regime. There was scarcely an egg-cupful of a strong and bitter brew in the bottom of a cup which had no handle. Sipping it I looked around the tent. Over a number of poles, from which were dangling swords and daggers, was stretched the texture of the black tent, actually a dark brown material made of camel hair. "Without that animal we should be lost," Izzat told me, and he offered to light my cigarette with a piece of glowing camel dung. A remark once made that the Bedouin Arab was a parasite dependent upon his camel was certainly true, I reflected.

It has, however, been the aim of the mandatory administration in Jerusalem to bring the drifting elements among the population of Palestine to a settled existence upon the soil. Tribes have been encouraged to choose spots where cultivation of the land was possible and where they would not have to rely for food, clothing, milk, and transport solely on the camel, resorting in times of hardship to raiding their neighbours.

I asked Sheikh Hassan if he approved of this policy. For reply he reminded me that from the time of Abraham his people had been wandering in the desert. They had always been free to choose their own camping ground, moving on in late autumn or in the first weeks of spring. He himself did not mind settling.

Did I know, he asked through Izzat, that a party of Jews had come down that very afternoon to look at his land? The Bedouin tribesmen, ranged around their Sheikh, were listening and I noticed that their faces had darkened. It was ironic that they, the wandering Bedouins, should be at cross purposes with the Jews who:

> . . . like pale ghosts that darkling roam,
> Hovering around their ancient home,
> But find no refuge there. (Keble)

"If work and progress count for anything it is the most perverse state of things possible" said a Jew whom I subsequently saw in Jerusalem. "For the Bedouin is not industrious, but only scratches at the soil with an old wooden plough. And when his crops fail he loots another's."

There was some truth in this. One could not compare the casual desert life with the well-organised Jewish settlements in North Palestine. There, in communal rooms, coffee was served hot and creamy from up-to-date "cookers," not boiled slowly over a glow of burning camel dung. The conversation would range easily over Europe and the United States, a world unknown to the Bedouins. And when, as happened one evening while I was at the Ayeleth Hashahar settlement, north of Galilee, the topic to be discussed was announced as "The League of Nations in World Politics" not even an Arab could have turned this keenly debated subject to the application of the League to Palestinian affairs.

Michael Langley

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

33,500 poor children trained to be good and useful men and women! This is the record of this Society during the last ninety-three years. 1,100 boys and girls are at the present time in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship, and are being given a real chance in life. Donations towards the maintenance of this large family are urgently needed, and will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Estd. 1744
34/5, New Bond St. **SOTHEBY & CO.** TEL. MAY. 6682-3-4
LONDON, W. 1

FORTHCOMING SALES BY AUCTION

July 6–7.—**Printed Books and Manuscripts.**

July 6.—**Coins and Medals.**

July 8.—**Old English Silver,** etc., including an early Elizabethan Tazza, 1560. Illustrated catalogues (6 plates) 2/6

July 9.—THE CELEBRATED COLLECTION of **PAINTINGS** and **WATER-COLOURS** by **Eugène Boudin,** the property of **Monsieur Laffon** of Paris. Illustrated catalogues (22 plates) 10/6

July 9.—(Immediately after the sale of the Collection of M. Laffon). Valuable **Pictures and Drawings,** including the property of the **Rt. Hon. The Earl of Essex** and of the **Duc de Trévise.** Illustrated catalogues (11 plates) 5/-

July 9.—**Jewels and Objects of Vertu.**

July 10.—**Chinese Porcelain; Furniture Rugs,** etc.

July 13–14.—**THE PAPERS of Sir Isaac Newton,** sold by Order of the **Viscount Lymington** to whom they have descended from Catherine Conduitt, Viscountess Lymington, great-niece of Sir Isaac Newton. Illustrated catalogues (16 plates) 7/6

July 14–16.—The Private Collections of **Armour and Weapons, Bygones,** etc., the property of the late **W. H. Fenton, Esq., J.P.,** of Heston House, Middlesex. (Sold by Order of the Executor). Illustrated catalogues (18 plates) 6/-

July 15.—**Pictures and Drawings.**

July 17.—Fine **Porcelain; Renaissance Works of Art; Furniture,** etc., including a superb suite covered in Beauvais Tapestry which formerly belonged to Eugène de Beauharnais, the property of the **Duc de Trévise;** an inlaid wheel-lock rifle by Nicholas Klett, etc. Illustrated catalogues (6 plates) 2/6

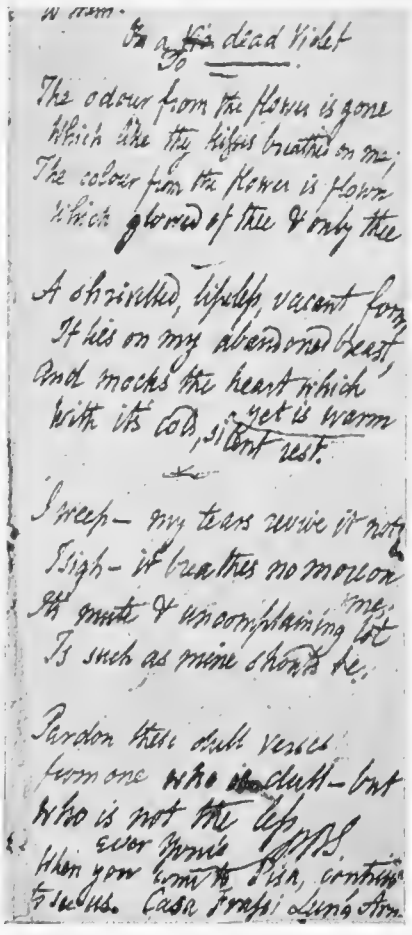
July 20–22.—Valuable **Books; Manuscripts** and **Autograph Letters,** etc. Illustrated catalogues will be issued.

Late July.—**Antiquities,** including a fine Greek Stele, the property of **Lt.-Col. C. T. Gordon,** Cairness, Lonmay. Illustrated catalogues will be issued.

SALE JULY 14.—Sir Isaac Newton, aged 60, by Sir Godfrey Kneller

SALES on view at least three days prior.

Catalogues may be had.



SALE JULY 20.—Poem by P. B. Shelley.

PRINTED LISTS of PRICES and buyers' names may be purchased after each Sale.

Particulars on application.

SALE JULY 9.—Portrait of Moll Davis by Sir Peter Lely.

This England . . .

Thakeham Village, Sussex

TO USE the phrase "Hearts of Oak" in these times of flux and ferro-concrete is to raise a smile. Yet in any English village to-day you may find adze-trimmed oaken beams on which to break a hacksaw. And the English character *is* like oak—a slow winning to a grand maturity. So, too, it is with such good English beer as Worthington . . . slowly and naturally brought to great "heart." A drink for men, this Worthington . . .

VISIT GERMANY WHERE THE

Königsee

£ BUYS MORE

Whatever you expect from your holiday, you will find it in Germany, the land of infinite variety.

You can travel by modern streamlined train from north to south or west to east. You can race with your own motor-car over the new German motor roads, or fly in the most modern and fastest aeroplane over a country which is as colourful and as varied as the heart could desire.

One day you can experience the exhilaration of climbing the highest peak of the Bavarian Alps, and two days later you may laze in the sunshine on the white, sandy beaches of the Baltic; another day may find you challenging Colonel Bogey on the famous links at Bad Ems, and the next, fishing peacefully the trout streams of the Rhineland or the Black Forest. You may travel by steamer through the Romantic Rhine Gorge, or paddle your canoe through the glorious Neckar Valley.

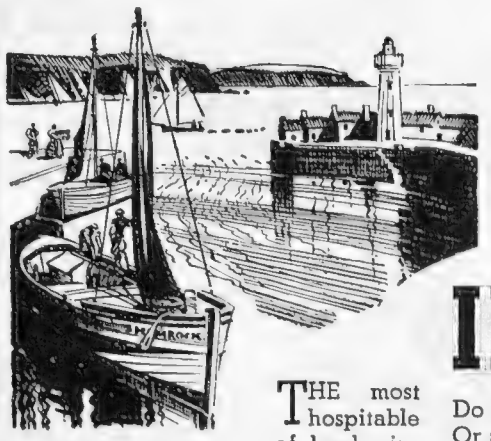
Whichever type of holiday you choose you will be astonished to find how cheaply you can travel in Germany, and how well you can live for a most reasonable charge. In all classes of hotels, in the pensions, and in the characteristic wayside inns you may be sure of a kindly and courteous welcome.

And when you come to leave Germany there is one custom of the country you will surely have adopted: you will not say "Good-bye," but as your charming hosts invariably do, you will say "Auf Wiedersehen."

60 °/₀ reduction in rail fares

Special Exchange facilities

For information, advice and free descriptive literature apply to any travel agent, or to the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, S.W.1



Happy IRELAND

THE most hospitable of lands, inhabited by the friendliest of peoples. The hotels are first-rate, the communications are excellent. Who wouldn't be happy in Ireland?

The scenery is amongst the most beautiful in the world. All around the coast are the holiday resorts, some little, some big: some gay and sparkling, others quiet retreats that seem only to have been discovered by you and the seagulls.

Do you fish? Do you play golf? Or any of the one hundred and one other things that make up the word Sport? Then come to Ireland. You'll enjoy every minute. Write for the Great Southern Railways' Special Folder—"All-in" Tours, including Rail, Motor, Sightseeing and Hotels.

SOME FAMOUS BEAUTY RESORTS

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown) · Courtown Tramore · Ballycotton · Kinsale · Parknasilla Glenbeigh · Ballybunion · Limerick · Lahinch Salthill (Co. Galway) · Oughterard · Pontoon Strandhill · Gweedore · Portsalon · Bettystown

ROUTES

You may travel by any of the following steamship routes:—

HOLYHEAD - KINGSTOWN LIVERPOOL - DUBLIN
FISHGUARD - ROSSLARE FISHGUARD - WATERFORD
FISHGUARD - CORK

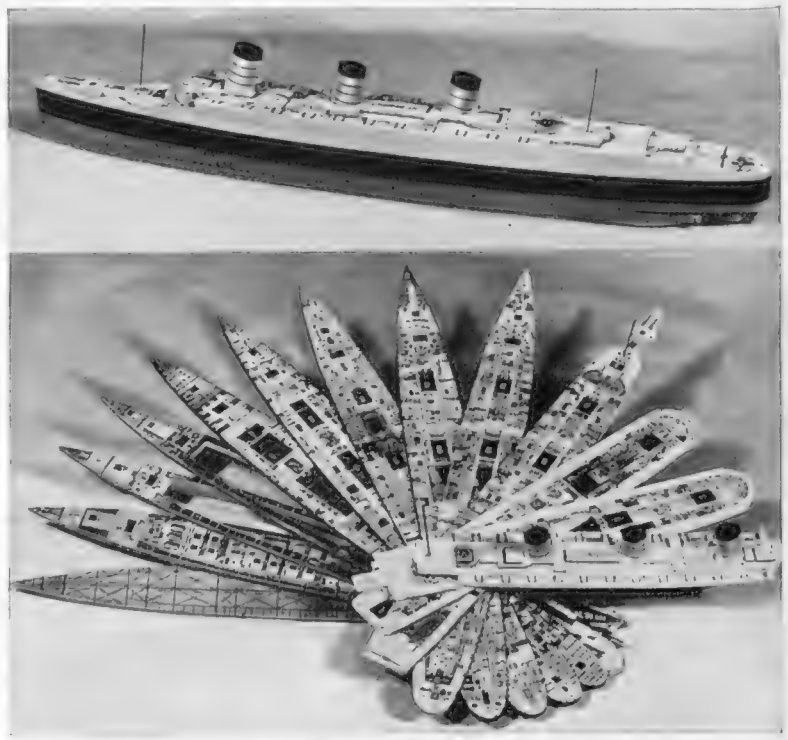
Guides and particulars of Holiday & Tourist Fares from any L M S or G.W. Station, Office or Agency or on application at any of the following addresses:—

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY, EUSTON STATION, LONDON, N.W.1.
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON, W.2.
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND, KINGSBRIDGE STATION, DUBLIN.
BRITISH & IRISH STEAM PACKET CO. LTD., ROYAL LIVER BUILDING, LIVERPOOL.
CITY OF CORK STEAM PACKET CO., LTD., FISHGUARD HARBOUR, SOUTH WALES.
THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN.

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price **3/6**, postage and packing Inland, **9d.** extra. Elsewhere Abroad, **2/6** extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to:—
THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD. (Dept. 5), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Enjoy your trip
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY
Makes "Deck Activities" Enjoyable
And Tea a Welcome Event

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, WESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

TROUBLED FRONTIERS

(*Continued from page 16*)

highest speed over the autostrades. For this mechanised push, the bulk of the *Menschenmaterial* would emanate from the N.S.K.K. or Nazi Motor Corps of whom we saw a deal. They are organised in several "Inspections" of twenty brigades plus a further four self-dependent groups. In all, the Corps counts over 400,000 members having 150,000 motor vehicles of varying descriptions. Unlike the further motorised man-power which the German Motor Club (D.A.C.) can provide—its members possess 1,000,000 driving licences—the N.S.K.K. has its own uniform for the most part worn by young men—mechanics—being trained in the technique of flame-throwing, gas, and machine guns.

Judging by the clutter of autostrades leading to Germany's Western frontiers the blow would appear to be directed away from the notorious Eastern dreamlands conjured in *Mein Kampf*, yet of course there is no knowing. Fortifications are also being built opposite the Czech frontier, and these could very well serve as a protecting shield enabling Germany to strike at high speed into the coveted Ukraine under the benevolent gaze of Hungary and Bulgaria, to name but two. However, this is to range too far from the West.

A growing belief is that Holland and Belgium are marked out as passageways if there's to be any motorised descent on this side. Germany would fight shy of the Maginot Line and seek after a lightning turning movement through the Low Countries—the Belgians think, through Dutch Limburg. They point out that this "gap" is undefendable, as it was in 1914, when a Dutch garrison of 30,000 in the Maestricht area "had evaporated almost to zero by the third day of war."

In Belgium I ended my tour to find things in rather a jam. The Soviet strikes were bad enough, from the national defence viewpoint. One also found two opposing schools in influential places as to how the country should be defended—and the debate being carried on publicly by general officers before a mixed Military Commission.

The clash is an acute one since it revolves round whether the country should be defended integrally—every inch of it, right up to the frontier—or whether what is termed "the defence in depth," withdrawal to favourable, short lines within the country, should be substituted. The integral brand would mean the small Belgian Army defending a front of 180 miles, impossible of realisation without immediate French and Dutch aid. As this would be problematical (the first French troops did not side up with the Belgians until late in October, 1914) the defence-in-depth proponents seem to be gaining the day.

It would be grievous to desert the frontierlands, yet the only way (it is felt) to withstand the *attaque brusque* that is feared from the cover of the Rhineland fortifications rapidly being pushed forward—figures I came across in Luxemburg showed that German cement purchases had suddenly shot ahead a matter of 60 per cent—Belgium's best bet would seem to be to dig in *en profondeur* now. This implies obstruction and destructive work on a vast and quite novel, virginal scale in addition to organising such bastions as the Albert Canal (Liége-Antwerp), the Hervé plateau of machine gun nests, and, above all, the Liége-Namur area. Liége (red Liége) once again seems to emerge as *the* citadel of the West, and one notes that the last of its imperative new forts, that at Eben Email, approaches completion.

THE HAY WAY

(*Continued from page 28*)

According to the Hay Diet, here are some of the crashing mistakes that you and I make each day. To begin with your breakfast. You probably swallow your egg and bacon with toast and butter, followed possibly by toast and marmalade washed down with coffee and milk to which you have added sugar. In the first place, your egg and your bacon come under the protein headings, of which you should have either one or the other, but not both at the same time. Then your bread, toast and marmalade come under the carbohydrates, and should never be mixed with the proteins.

If you are taking a protein meal, in other words, bacon or egg, the coffee or tea should be taken without sugar and really without milk. On the other hand, bread and butter and marmalade and cereal can be used for breakfast, washed down by tea or coffee thoroughly sugared and milked.

Your luncheon probably causes havoc in your stomach, according to Dr. Hay, because the potato and meat are seen on the plate together. Fish and chips are a lamentable mixture, because the chips are carbohydrate and the fish protein. Chicken and ham are excusable to eat together, though you would be more virtuous to eat the chicken one day and the ham the next.

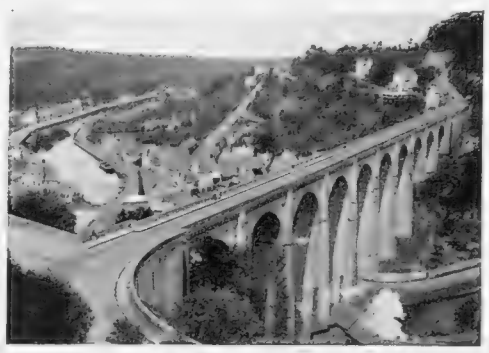
In conclusion, it must be said the Hay Diet will certainly have accomplished something worth while if it makes people pay a little more attention to what they eat and thus avoid the more obvious forms of indigestion. But so far nobody of my acquaintance has followed the Hay Diet rigorously for a year. It will be interesting, therefore, to find out what the stomachic results will be after a complete routine of the Hay System. Will it be analogous to wearing spectacles for a year and then, having started to wear them, finding it difficult to leave them off? Or will it so tone up the digestive organs that one will be able to eat anything any time anywhere? This is certain—that of the dozens of people I know who are taking the Hay Diet, not one can deny that it is making him feel younger, healthier, and more energetic than ever before.

PATRON SAINT: The statue to St. Guirec, to whom the Breton town of Perros-Guirec owes the second half of its name. This holy man was of either Welsh or Irish origin (legends differ on the point) and in the sixth century decided to leave his country. Having no vessel at his command he daringly embarked on a hollowed-out rock which is said to have borne him to these shores in safety

BRETON LANDSCAPE

A Province that Stands Apart

WHEN Tristan, it may be remembered, had been wounded in combat with Isolde's husband, he retired from Cornwall to his castle in Brittany to get well. The legend of Tristan and Isolde is typical of many that link together the Cornish and Breton coasts. Another one, common to both, is that of the city swallowed up by the sea, whose cathedral bells may still be heard by the fisherfolk on quiet evenings, or booming dolorously in the storms of winter. Both Cornwall and Brittany, moreover, were strongholds of the Druid faith, and the Druid stones at Carnac are amongst the most interesting to be seen anywhere. But I will come back to speak of those in a moment.



SPANNING THE RANCE: The viaduct at Dinan, with old-world houses nestling beneath it. The river flows into the sea near St. Malo

The usual way of getting to Brittany is by boat from Southampton to St. Malo, a comfortable night crossing. Once there, you have a wide variety of choice before you. If you arrive without previously made plans (unfortunately, this kind of holiday is becoming increasingly rare for most of us), your first inclination will probably be to stop in St. Malo till you have explored it thoroughly. It is one of the best of all French seaport towns. It stands out on a promontory only tenuously connected with the mainland, and its narrow, cobbled streets are tightly packed together within great encircling medieval walls. As you walk along the top of these walls and look over the tangled mass of crazy, sloping roofs which they surround, it is easy to imagine yourself back in the world of centuries ago, when the names of St. Malo's buccaneering seamen were a terror far beyond the confines of the Channel. It was a St. Malo man, Jacques Cartier, for instance, who first sailed up the St. Lawrence River, showing the way to those who afterwards founded the French Canadian Empire. The Bretons have always been as much at home on the water as on the land, and this is the clue to the hardihood of character which one observes in all of them, even those who now live quiet farming lives right away from the sound of the sea. One more word about St. Malo: Carcassonne is always spoken of as the best remaining example of the medieval walled city. In my opinion St. Malo is a better one, for Carcassonne is a museum piece while St. Malo, even if its walls are not so intact, is still a living town.

CHILD PILGRIMS IN PROCESSION at one of Brittany's famous Pardons—annual religious festivals held in honour of the local saints

Quite close to St. Malo, one on either side, are two well-known resorts. The first, to the east, is Paramé, the second, to the west, is Dinard. I can remember Paramé, not so very many years ago, when except for one or two hotels it was no more than a sleepy little seaside village, only stirred into momentary watchfulness every few hours by the thunderous passage down the main street of the steam tram from St. Malo. Those quiet days are gone for ever and Paramé is much "developed" now, but it is still a good place for a holiday and its wide sands, broken at intervals by low rocks, are a perpetual joy to children. Going still farther east, there is a very pretty stretch of coast between Paramé and Cancale, where they have great oyster beds, and somewhat farther still (a good motor drive) is the famous Mont St. Michel. This is a place that attracts sightseers from all parts like a magnet, but I can honestly confirm that it is worth a visit, even by those who travel in perpetual fear of being "taken for tourists."

A particular curiosity of the Paramé neighbourhood is the rock sculptures of Rothéneuf. On the granite cliffs going down to the sea an industrious Abbé called Fouré devoted a large part of his life to carving out all manner of curious figures. Every natural protuberance has been transformed into a face, or into some strange beast, and when you stand in the middle of it all and see so many sightless granite eyes staring perpetually up into the sky, the effect is half amusing, half nightmareish.

Dinard, on the other side of St. Malo, is a much more sophisticated, fashionable place, with smart looking lawns and flower-beds and restaurants and shops. Of its kind it is an ideal place, and has long been in great favour with English people many of whom have villas there. Farther to the west is a number of smaller places—St. Cast, which is "picturesque," in the best sense, comes first, and then, on the other side of Cap Fréhel (a magnificent rocky promontory), one reaches the Bay of St.-Brieuc, where for those who are looking for a simple holiday, the following names are worth remembering, Sables d'Or-les-Pins, Val-André, Le Roselier, and Portrieux.

Before we leave this part of the coast there are two other places which must be mentioned. One is Saint Brieuc itself, and the other is Dinan. The history of St. Brieuc goes back into the most remote past, and has always been turbulent; its cathedral is more like a fortress than a place of worship, and the whole place is expressive of that sturdy independence which has always been its chief characteristic. Dinan one goes to by steamer from St. Malo, up the River Rance. It stands high on a hill-side, and the harshness of its fortifications has been greatly mellowed by age. The old moats are now planted out with trees, and clumps of valerian sprout out from the grey walls. It is a peaceful, engaging little place, and seen in sunlight I can think of nowhere that has pleased me more.

PORTE ST. PATERN, VANNES: The fourteenth-century gateway where in 1795 Royalists were confined before execution. They had been captured in a fight at Quiberon

The Atlantic coast of Brittany is not so well known as the north, and there one is sometimes liable to the experience of coming upon villages where the sight of a foreigner is rare, and not, one might infer, particularly welcome. Brest has nothing very much to recommend it, but the country away to the south-east is extremely attractive. The ideal way of exploring it, of course, is with a sailing boat, but even failing that there are some pleasant places in which one can settle for a week or two and find quite enough to do in getting to know the surroundings. Bénodet, for instance, where many French people go for holidays, but scarcely any English, is a dear little place, and has a very good beach. Concarneau is equally good, and both of them are only a short distance from the old cathedral city of Quimper.

Richard Nowell

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

EASTBOURNE HYDRO HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. (Licensed.)

Finest Position—Facing Sea.
Three Acres Grounds.
Hard and Grass Tennis Courts.
Near Three Golf Courses.
Ballroom—Billiards.
Electric Lift and Fires.
Garage with Private Lock-ups.

MODERATE TERMS.

Illustrated Brochure on Application.

The

CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

Telegrams: "CAIRN"
Telephone: 4005 (5 lines)

WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA Essex

The Londoner's Popular Health Resort. Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession. Specially suitable for City Gentlemen and Residents. Good Golf Courses within Easy Reach.

PREMIER for POSITION and COMFORT

WESTCLIFF HOTEL

Resident Proprietor: W. J. Hockley.

Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.

"There are four grass courts in the grounds, and six hard courts at the Ferring Tennis Club, about two minutes' run in the car, on which visitors can play by the hour, day or week."

. . . an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING

HEADLAND NEWQUAY

If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Book of photographic studies. It will convince you in pictures what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views, or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band.

Telephone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines). *Telegrams: "HEADLAND, NEWQUAY."*

The Proprietor of Lodge Hill Hotel, Watersfield,

2½ miles South of PULBOROUGH, *Sussex*

Requests the pleasure of your inspection of his Luxuriously Appointed, Fully Licensed Hotel in 30 acres Pine-woods overlooking the Glorious

ARUN VALLEY

and close to the West Sussex Golf Course and within easy motoring distance of Goodwood.

Tel.: Bury 111. *R.S.V.P.*

In Quest of

Hospitality at Canterbury, Burgate Farmhouse, the Roya

THERE are times when I count myself amongst the fortunate ones of life, and the recent hot week-end of June 20 was one such time.

With my car in dock it looked as though I should be stranded in London, until out of the blue came a Good Samaritan who placed at my disposal his 16-h.p. Hillman Wingham, and before you could say knife I was winging my way to the Kentish seaboard with Folkestone as my primary objective.

Canterbury was my first halting place, and an excellent lunch I had at the Burgate Farmhouse, a place well worth making a note of as it is never overcrowded or invaded by day excursionists from the nearby coastal towns.

After lunch I found myself speeding through the pretty village of Wingham, presumably my car's namesake, and when I ultimately pulled up at my headquarters, the Royal Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, I patted my Hillman bonnet for her effortless performance in bringing me to Folkestone, and by thought transmission sent my Good Samaritan a grateful "Thank you."

I have always thought Folkestone a most attractive town, and deliciously beautiful it seemed during this June week-end.

From its Leas 170 ft. above the sea the natural grandstand of Folkestone—I surveyed a busy Channel. I wandered amongst Folkestone's well-kept gardens, did a good constitutional mile after dinner along the greensward on the edge of the verdure-clad cliffs, and when I ultimately sought my couch at the Royal Pavilion Hotel, I found myself saying "bon soir" to myself, for you cannot wander around Folkestone for long before sensing the influence of her Continental neighbour.

There are a number of excellent hotels facing the Leas, and in other quiet central parts of Folkestone, but I chose the Royal Pavilion as one goes back to a trusted friend. I knew that I would not be let down on the four essentials of a good hotel—good food, good beds, plenty of hot water, and willing service, and with these four good management is a *sine qua non*.

The Royal Pavilion at Folkestone is one of the Frederick Group, and both they and their manager, Mr. Bright, are appreciative of their responsibilities in seeing that on coming to, or leaving our English shores, the foreigner or native gets a good impression of British hospitality, as meted out by the first class British hotels of to-day.

My room had a balcony, and I watched the Channel steamer arrive and depart. I saw the resultant effects on the Royal Pavilion . . . arrivals and departures in a regular flow, but without fuss, bother, or gesticulation of the foreigner. The head porter and his staff just took everything in their stride.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Swimming, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

THE SPHERE REGISTER

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Rye (Sussex).—Old Hope Anchor. Tel. 126.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (S. Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Folkestone, and Dover—the Pavilion, and the Lord Warden

Although a large hotel, the Royal Pavilion is in no sense "frightening." There is a definitely friendly atmosphere, and though its trade and clientele are in the main more transient than its contemporaries on the Leas, a night or more at this hotel does make you feel "I-shall-certainly-return."

One point which particularly struck me, both at the Royal Pavilion Hotel and at its relative, the Frederick Hotel at Dover—the Lord Warden—was the growing trade that is being done with motorists taking their cars to and from the Continent. At Folkestone the sensible thing to do is to arrive in the evening, stop the night at the Royal Pavilion, see your car on to the steamer in the morning, return to the hotel for a leisurely breakfast, and then catch the cross-Channel steamer in comfort.

At Dover, I was told that 18,000 motorists went to and from the Continent last year. The old Lord Warden is catering for the needs of to-day and to-morrow by opening a first-class snack bar which is bound to be popular.

I call the Lord Warden "old" in a purely affectionate sense. It is solidly Victorian to a degree but on cold winter nights it offers you the warmth of blazing coal fires—so very British, and on hot summer evenings its very solidity makes for coolness.

Mr. McGee, who has been the manager of this Frederick Hotel for a number of years, must have an intensely interesting job, for whilst any hotel can portray life from many angles, here at the old Lord Warden Kings and Queens, Lords and Commoners, Authors and Actors, and so on, pass in and out of its historic walls. Here "all the world's a stage" and here in spite of its Victorian solidity "hospitality sits with gladness."

Before leaving Folkestone I paid a visit to the Princes' Hotel.

I got Mr. and Mrs. Bladen who own it, to show me round, and I must say that I was immensely struck with everything I saw. There is no best bedroom because there is no bad one. The whole seventy are *all* really delightful. Every modern comfort is to be found; the decoration is attractive and restful; the corridors are broad, light and airy and there are no back rooms, for the "back" looks out on to private gardens with a delightful panoramic view.

I peeped into a number of private suites and the hospitable cocktail bar, but what I particularly sensed was the personal touch of the resident proprietors. I made a particular note of the Princes' for those looking for autumn and winter quarters.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

George last year spent his holiday in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

Sheringham Hotel, Norfolk

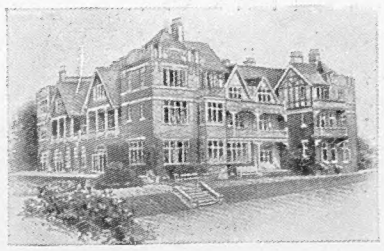
There is no more up-to-date hotel in East Anglia

A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

FORTFIELD HOTEL SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea
Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms



Lift. Billiards
Self-contained Suites
Garage

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Swimming Pool. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, at from 5 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

"I have never before stayed in an Hotel where one's wants seemed to be anticipated before one was aware of them. I do not know of any hotel where one is better looked after and catered for. I found myself living to eat, rather than eating to live!"

So wrote Mr. Ashley Courtenay in "The Sphere" a few weeks ago. COME NOW and test the truth of Mr. Courtenay's example, for now Torquay is in her loveliest holiday mood . . . Bathing, Fishing, Tennis, Golf, Picnics on Dartmoor, Motor-runs to the Beauty Spots of Devon. After the gaieties of Torquay you will enjoy the cool shade and quiet of the beautiful gardens at Lincombe Hall. And at the end of the day . . . a good dinner and a very good night. Write to S. D. Paul for Illustrated Brochure.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

CADOGAN HOTEL

SLOANE STREET LONDON

Telephone: Sloane 7141.

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service.

Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions*

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH

THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6

Melville Crescent

Telegrams: "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

OBAN, The Station Hotel

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands, 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

Telephone 14. *Further Particulars apply Manageress.*

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.

WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

Ⓛ

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Padd. 8083
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Melville Crescent
Oban (Western Highlands).—The Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

Switzerland—A Summer Paradise

WHERE better than Switzerland for a summer holiday? Nowhere in Europe is the air more exhilarating, nowhere does the summer sun shine brighter. And what variety of beauty in the landscape!—deep lakes and glittering mountains, forests and lush green meadowlands, down which the soft-toned bells of the grazing cattle gently echo. There is plenty to do there, too—marvellous walks and motor drives, bathing and basking in the sun, golfing and tennis playing, and the evening distractions of cheerful social life, are all to be found from such centres as Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, or Lucerne, at the head of that lovely lake which bears the same name, and whence you get an incomparable view of the Bernese Oberland peaks. In Berne itself you have a capital city that is a fascinating blend of the unsophisticated and the dignified, and where you can always be sure of experiencing that feeling of being at home which is characteristic of the country. The Swiss sense of hospitality is not the least attractive feature of their wholly attractive land.

Lausanne

THE VICTORIA

THE HOTEL TO STOP AT

First Class .. Homelike .. Every comfort at most moderate terms

Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12. Restaurant .. Gardens .. Garage .. Lock-ups

LOVELY

LUCERNE

SWITZERLAND'S "HOLIDAY CAPITAL"

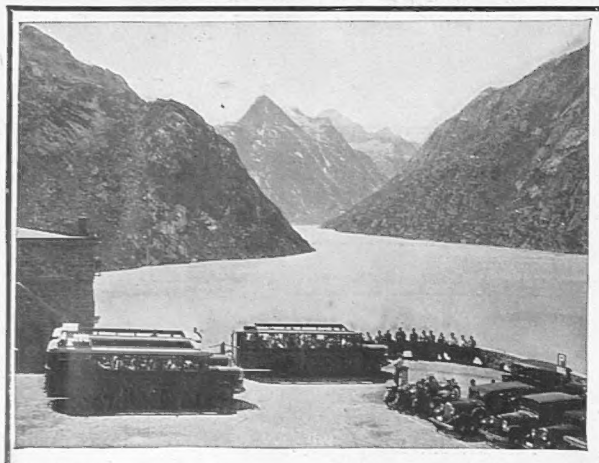
Where William Tell Made History

GOLF - TENNIS - CASINO - LIDO

EXCURSIONS BY BOAT, RAIL AND CAR

REDUCED PRICES EVERYWHERE

FOR BOOKLETS APPLY—Official Enquiry Office, Lucerne.



DEPENDABILITY

SECURITY

COMFORT

SWISS ALPINE POSTAL MOTOR COACHES

that serve the great Alpine Passes.

For information apply to:—SWISS STATE TRAVEL BUREAU, and official Agency of the Swiss Federal Railways, 11b, Regent St., London, and all important tourist offices.

DE MIEUX EN MIEUX — BM

BRILLANTMONT

INSTITUTION HEUBI. Lausanne

(Founded 1882)

Provides a sound education and a serious training for the modern GIRL

(A) **Chateau Brillantmont: French.** Languages, Art, Preparation for Examinations. Commercial Course.

(B) **Villa Brillantmont: Domestic Science** combined with the Study of **French.**

All Winter and Summer sports. *Winter sports in the Engadine.*

Highest references.

fly to Croydon

DEAUVILLE in 60 min.

OLLEY AIR SERVICE LTD.

Air Port of London, Croydon

Telephone: Croydon 5117/8

beginning July 11th

Horseferry House .. .. 9.45 a.m.

Croydon Air Port .. .. 10.30 a.m.

Passengers by air from Amsterdam and Rotterdam change at Croydon for Deauville

NORMANDY HOTEL

HOTEL DU GOLF

ROYAL HOTEL

F. André, Managing Director. Same management in Winter as Casino Municipal, Cannes.

The Southern Railway offers special express service via Southampton and Havre.

MAKE DEAUVILLE YOUR PLAYGROUND THIS SUMMER!

Play golf or tennis (**Suzanne Lenglen** will give exhibitions and lessons from August 1 to August 15); see the exciting **Horse Races** (on two courses, 5,000,000 francs in prizes); attend the week-end **Galas** at the **Restaurant Ambassadeurs** (on July 14 the Gala will be organized by Jean Gabriel Domergue; others will be organized by Paul Colin, Don, etc); the **Concours d'Elegance Automobile,** under the auspices of **"Le Figaro"** will also be held on July 14. On July 11, **Fashion Show** under the auspices of **L'Art et la Mode. Motor Speed Races** on July 19. **The Grand Prix de l'Aero Club de France** (Coupe Armand Esders), Deauville-Cannes-Deauville, on July 25 and 26.

ROULETTE — TRENTE ET QUARANTE — BANQUE OUVERTE

DEAUVILLE

Spend your holidays in BELGIUM and the GRAND-DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG, countries where the cost of living is the most advantageous in Europe and where visitors can be sure of a hearty welcome.

★

For free information apply to the

OFFICE BELGO-LUXEMBOURGEOIS DE TOURISME

Official National Organisation

BRUSSELS 48, Place de Brouckère.

LONDON 99, Regent Street, W.1

★

In Belgium the law has made the posting up of hotel prices compulsory everywhere.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*July* 4, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—The wld.-ren'd., most u-t-d. htl. of the Aus. Alps, only 60 mls. fm. Vienna. In. & out. spts. Cures. Casino.

Vienna: Hotel Sacher.
Op. the Opera House. Exclusive but inexpensive

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment. Phone in every room.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Park Hotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe, facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pension fr. 14 M.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first-class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—(828 m.) Northern Blk. Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. New Sand-Lake beach. Fishing. Pension fr. RM. 6. Catalogues.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing-establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).—On the Rhine. Rooms from Fr. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-class Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mountains. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pens. from Fr. 11.50 up

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-class Family Hotel, all comforts. Best position. Ex. cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4 10s.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. Best First Class. New prices for 1936, 10 Frs. daily. Garden. Garage.

Lucerne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position nr. lake. Casino. Garden. Every comfort, first-class cuisine. Weekly inclusive terms fr. £5.0.0.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms Pte. sun & lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Grge.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from Frs. 13. Branch house, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

Lucerne.—Grand Hotel Europe.—The popular first class hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 7. Pension from Frs. 16. Director, A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation right on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano (Sth. Switz.).—Hotel Bristol.—In wonderful position overlooking lake. Terms: from £6.0.0 weekly.

Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comfort, evry rm. fcg. lake, wkly trms "all in" S.Fr. 98. Smehse The Beau-Rivage "all in" wkly S.Fr. 90.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Ouchy-Lausanne.—Hotel du Parc.—First-class hotel pension on the lake near boat landing. Terms: Room 4 frs. Pension from 9 frs. up.

Thun.—Thunerhof-Bellevue.—Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Weggis (L. of Lucerne).—Park Hotel Bellevue.—The leading hotel of Weggis, magnificent location, next to bathing beach. Pens. from Frs. 11.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The Hotels Seiler.**—Comfortable and homely hotels with 1,000 beds. Pension rate from 8.50, 9.50 and 11.50 frs. up.

Increase holiday joys
WITH THE FEATHERWEIGHT
"VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

So light, yet exceptionally powerful, and can be slipped in the pocket for use on all occasions. Indispensable to the holiday maker, camper, hiker, cyclist, etc.
The "VEDET" is a powerful prismatic with magnification of 8 diameters, is but 4 ins. in length and weighs only 7 ozs. Can be easily focussed.
Write for illustrated brochure giving full information.
Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag. £3·17·6

W. WATSON & SONS LTD
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Optical Instrument Manufacturers Established 1837.

Pintail Sherry, Dry

THE PERFECT APPETISER
72/- per dozen bottles.
Sample bottle, post free, 6/-
If your merchant does not stock it write direct to—
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH . . . SCOTLAND

VAPEX
INHALANT
Cured a cold "in no time"
"I have just recovered from an irritating cold and, thanks to your wonderful Vapex, it was cured in no time. The Inhalant is as effective as it is pleasant. I shall surely recommend it to my friends."
J. L., Paisley.
Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
V 145 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.
Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices—
Complete Suit, 97/6. Jacket, 57/6
S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD.,
71, WIGTON, CUMBERLAND.

AVENUE HOTEL — *for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!*
HARROGATE
A very attractive hotel in the north
Close Baths, principal Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. Resident Bridge Hostess. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "M" on request.

£30 to £5,000 lent
without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen. Write
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD.
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Driving Test. To make reasonably certain of passing first time you cannot do better than take one of the courses offered by the Central Motor Institute. We are fully equipped, know what you have to pass and teach you with that object in view. Ring the Central Motor Institute at Hampstead (Pri. 1161), Harrow (Har. 2322), or Palmers Green (Pal. 5171).

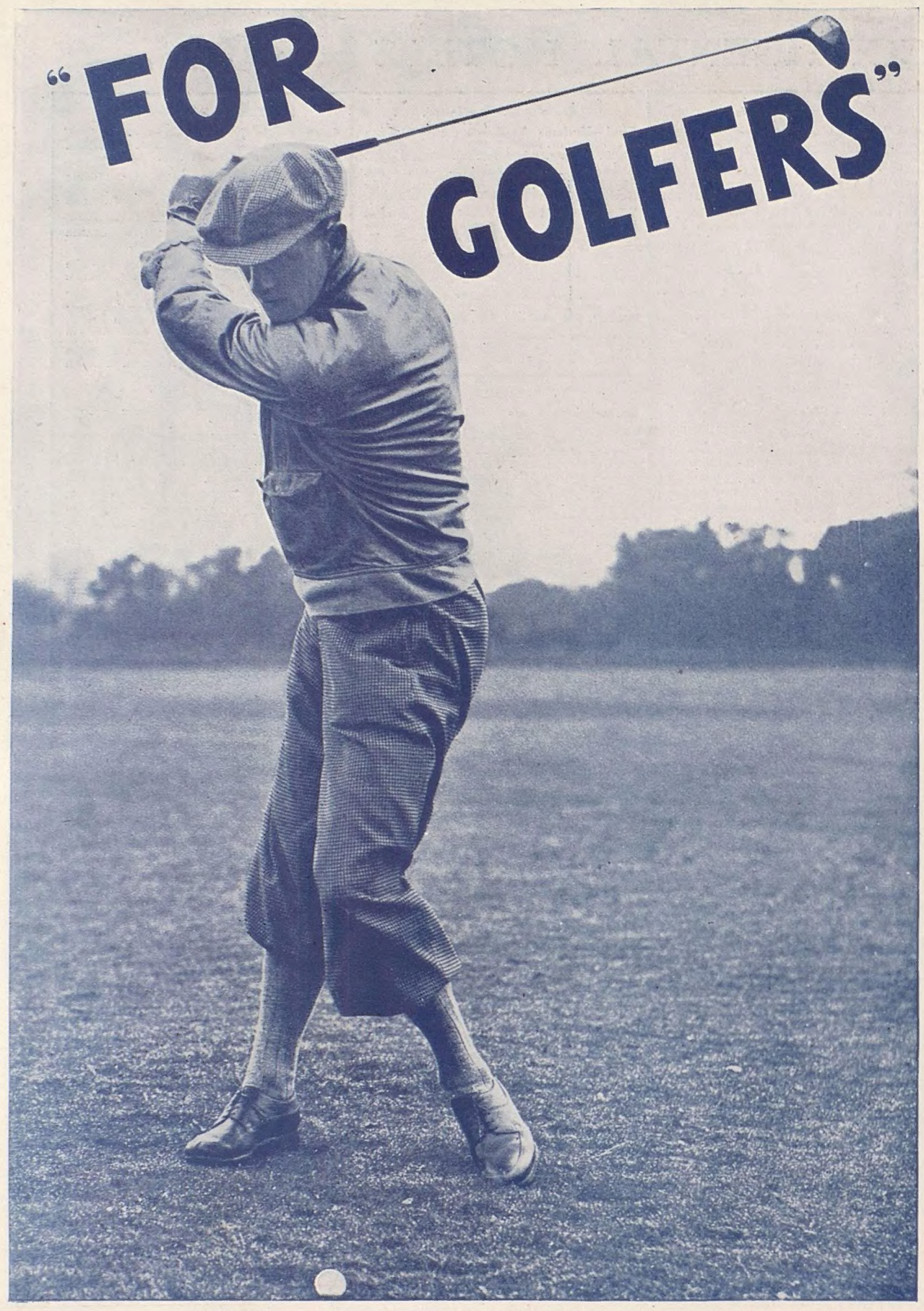
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
Rendells
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Speed in Comfort
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

AUSTRALIA.
TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

Hanover Awaits You
This is the town in Germany which by Royal tradition is most closely connected with England. Hanover is the finest centre for the study of German culture and the German language. Hanover bids you welcome
at all Seasons
July 19th to August 30th:
Exhibition—HANOVER AND ENGLAND.
Information from all travel agencies and the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1



GOOD GOLF SENSE

This is the newest, most up-to-date and comprehensive feature in modern golf journalism.

Special action photographs posed by Perry, Padgham, Compston and others —exclusively taken; analytical photographic series which show faults and good points (remember the camera cannot lie)—articles by Compston, Leonard Crawley, George Nash, Frank Moran (*the* writer on Scottish golf), Hagen, Lawless and other giants —André Simon, King of Epicures on golf club menus and wines—Club notes —all fresh, authoritative, up-to-date.

It is produced for the rabbit, not the tiger—the handicap man, not the plus-two model—just what *you* and 999 out of 1,000 others have been looking for. Pages and pages of Good Golf Sense.

A WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT IN THE

SPORTING

AND DRAMATIC NEWS

IF IT'S RACING — "RAPIER" KNOWS

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*July 4*, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.